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If you have something that the people need "advertise with courage and faith," and the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

CANADA'S DAY

AT THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL, PLATTSBURG.

IMMENSE GATHERINGS GREET THE APPEARANCE OF THE CANADIANS—JUDGE CURRAN'S MAGNIFICENT EFFORT—SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON RECEIVES AN OVATION, AND OTTAWA'S CHARMING ORATOR, MR. JOHN F. WATERS, SCORES A GREAT SUCCESS—THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PLATTSBURG, August 15, 1896.—The Catholic Summer School closed its most successful session on last evening. The largest audience of the session greeted Hon. Judge Curran, to hear the lecture on Canada's great statesman, Right Hon. Sir John Thompson. Indeed this week has been a Canadian sabbath. Mr. John F. Waters, of Ottawa, scored a splendid success in both his lectures, the first on "Mary Tudor" and the second on "Hawthorne." Our United States friends are determined to hear more of Mr. Waters, and he will be invited to lecture in Boston, New York and other cities of the Union in the early future. His splendid oratorical powers have reflected great credit on the Dominion of Canada.

Sir William Hingston's reputation caused a very large attendance, and his lecture on "Our Climate and its Effects" was no disappointment to his auditors. He was accompanied by Lady Hingston and James Guerin, Esq., M.D., M.L.A. The following is a brief summary of Sir William's remarks.

Our Northern Climate.

Sir William Hingston, of Montreal, spoke about "Our Northern Climate and How it Affects Us." He did not pretend to deal with the subject, he said, in an exhaustive manner, but contented himself with touching upon some of the more salient features of the subject. To go fully into the subject, he explained, would require days, and it would be necessary to go into the physical geography of the country, its chemistry and meteorology. Of all the definitions given he preferred that of the French, who style it the assemblage of all the circumstances, natural and physical, in the midst of which we live in any place. The learned lecturer then gave an exposition of the various phenomena of climate. In the sun resides the force on which climate depends.

The climate of this country, he said, is severe, without being destructive. It makes one shiver to think of the cold of Russia, yet the winter here in this place where we now meet has a winter's cold the same as that of St. Petersburg or Moscow. We pity the denizens of the southern and southwestern countries during the hot days, yet this continent has a summer temperature similar to that of Paris. The heat is as great here as it is there, but it is that dryness of the atmosphere from the surface which makes our temperature less sensibly felt. We experience the sensible effects of cold, but the climate is so stimulating and so charged with ozone that it promotes motion.

The Almighty Creator, in making these chains of mountains, has modified the qualities of climate. As we approach the Pacific, the land is high, and as we proceed northwards, it becomes lower and lower. This lake in front of us, beautiful Champlain, is not more than twenty feet above the level of the sea, while the land, as we proceed from the Pacific coast, slopes gradually towards the north. This is not without design. If the land sloped gradually towards the Pacific and higher towards the North Atlantic, no animals could live, and men could not exist. The altitude modifies and elevates the temperature in winter and moderates it in summer.

Sir William referred to the influence on the atmosphere of the felling of trees, and wished for a law in this country as there is in most parts of Europe, where men are not permitted to cut down a tree without planting another. He showed also how we were to meet judiciously extremes of heat and of cold. He spoke of the habits of the people, and here he indulged in somewhat severe sarcasm, and showed how, if we were thinner than we should be, and less ruddy than we should be, and if we lost our teeth at an earlier age than intended by the Almighty, the fault was entirely our own, and could not be attributed to the effects of climate. He then pointed out the proper mode of living, so as to preserve health to extreme old age, and laid down certain rules to be followed by those who desired good health.

Sir William was listened to attentively, and the lecture was voted one of the most instructive and delightful of the season.

Sir John Thompson.

The life and labors of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, late prime minister of Canada, was the theme of an interesting and instructive lecture by the Hon. Judge Curran, of Montreal.

This was the last lecture of the session, and Rev. J. F. Mullany, chairman, called upon Mr. Chas. V. Fornes, president of Champlain club, for a few remarks before the lecture. Mr. Fornes responded as follows: "It is not necessary to take time in explaining the object of the club, as you

know its merits. The inception of the club was second to the inception of the school. The intellectual idea was the work of the school, while the club had a care of the school side of the movement. The opening of the club was largely experimental but it is pleasing to know that you have all learned to value our efforts. It will grow as the school grows and always be an aid to the success of the school. It is our purpose to try and make you feel at home with us and it is pleasing to know that our relations have been even more pleasant than the most sanguine could have anticipated."

Rev. J. F. Mullany then introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. J. J. Curran, of Montreal, while engravings of Sir John Thompson were being distributed through the audience.

Ten years of exciting history were compressed into the discourse. The greatest diplomatists, statesmen and jurists have placed Sir John Thompson in the front rank of modern statesmen. It required something more than what is commonly called greatness to arrest the attention of this dying century, and when amidst the selfishness and cold calculation, the deceit and turpitude by which public life is too often degraded, a character appears that is alike good and great, a character marvelous in its purity, untroubled in abnegation of self, brave enough to face every peril in the cause of truth, ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of God and country, then vice itself pays reluctant homage to virtue, and the self-wrapt bustling world is forced to pause and pay at least the semblance of fealty to what it must admire but has not the courage to imitate.

In no public character can the words of St. Thomas a Kempis, "man proposes but God disposes," be more clearly illustrated. He had retired from public life apparently forever, when he was suddenly called from the tranquility of the bench to take part in a sphere he thoroughly disliked for its hurly-burly, its conflicts, its partisanship and its scandals. He had difficulties to contend against owing to his conversion to Catholicity. He had to contend against rivalries of the bitterest kind, and despite all, in an incredibly short time, he was elevated to the highest post of honor and responsibility in his native land.

The early career of Sir John Thompson was then sketched. A brief outline of the history of Nova Scotia was given, and the proud positions her sons have filled in the history of the new world. After dealing with the part played by Sir John Thompson as a jurist, statesman and judge in his early home, his advent in Dominion politics was referred to. The Riel rebellion was handled with clearness and historical fairness. It had been urged, the lecturer said, that Sir John Thompson should have advised a reprieve for Riel, as his offence was political. Riel, it must be remembered, had incited two rebellions, and in the second had placed himself outside of the pale of civilization by inducing the pagan Indians with all their savagery to join him. Fearful massacres had taken place and the perpetrators of them had to be punished.

The following quotation from Sir John Thompson's speech in the House of Commons was given: "But let me ask attention to another branch of the subject. The Indians, whom this man incited to rise, perpetrated some very cruel massacres at Frog Lake, which called in every sense of the word for the execution of the extreme penalty of the law, not only because they had committed great crimes but on the ground upon which it is deemed proper to inflict capital punishment, viz: that it is absolutely necessary by making a great example to deter people disposed to crime from committing it. How could the perpetrators of the Frog Lake massacre have been punished if the man who incited them to rebel and massacre had escaped."

Sir John Thompson's share in the preparation of the drafted Bayard Treaty for the settlement of the fisheries disputes between the United States and Canada was next dealt with, and the lecturer then proceeded to speak of the disallowance agitation of the provincial law regarding the Jesuits Estates which had been confiscated by the Crown at the date of the cession of Canada from France to England. This was one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Canada, and was the occasion of a great deal of bitterness to Sir John Thompson, who came in for extraordinary vituperation. Having refused to advise the disallowance of the Provincial legislation on this question he was attacked most bitterly on account of his change of religious faith, which had been made many years before. Every motive for that change was attributed to him, but an honorable one. However, he declined to defend himself by a single word against the attacks as to the sincerity of his conversion, but in a private letter, written at the time to a Protestant friend, he opened his heart, and said: "I had been attending the Church of England and Roman Catholic services assiduously for a period of four years, and had been reading all the controversy I could get my hands on, and finally yielded when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. * * * I had very few Catholic friends, no influential Catholic friends, I believed the day of my baptism was the day that closed my chances to professional advancement or any other. I felt I had but one resource—my short hand. I knew I could support my wife and myself if matters came to the worst, but I felt that there was no use in putting all this before the public, and that it was better to stand by the certain

right which I had; that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. Even if I had discussed them, I must have added that after twenty years' experience and consideration, I would do it again, and do it a thousand times if it were necessary, even if all the blessings and prosperity which I had were turned into misfortunes and afflictions."

The lecturer next gave an historical account of the relations of Sir John Thompson with the still-burning question in the politics of Canada of the Manitoba schools, quoting Sir John Thompson's speeches, and giving a clear exposition of the clauses of the Confederation act and the Manitoba act, which had given rise to the difficulties. Reference was also made to the eminent services rendered by the late Canadian prime minister as Imperial commissioner on the Behring Sea arbitration at Paris, and an account given of his tragic death at Windsor Castle in England just as he had taken the oath of privy councillor of the Empire. In closing, the lecturer pointed out that not for twenty years could the life of Sir John Thompson be fully written, when his correspondence could be made public, and the documentary evidence of his master mind be given to the people. Day by day, as his speeches were studied and quoted, his name and fame would increase in public favor, and he would figure in history as a patriot, a statesman, a jurist, and above all, as a sincere and devoted adherent of the Catholic Church.

Concluding Addresses.

At the conclusion of Judge Curran's able discourse, Rev. Dr. Conaty made a brief address thanking the bishop, Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, the reverend sisters, the local press, the people of Plattsburg, the choir and organist of St. John's Church, the Catholic papers and all others who have contributed or donated to the success of the Summer School.

Following Dr. Conaty's remarks, Rev. M. M. Sheedy was introduced. He said that it was a pleasure to meet here but sad to part from such pleasant associations. He spoke in a retrospective mood, and showed that there was a strong and pressing demand for this assembly. In fact, it had grown by leaps and bounds. The church is in favor of the highest education and intellectual development. Those who love the good, the beautiful and true are here, and they compose the best society. Although he is treasurer of the board, he did not speak of finances except to say that the treasury was in a sound and healthy condition. He was surprised to see that so much had been accomplished during the past year, and prophesied that next year there would be more surprises in store for all. He regretted the parting, and told the audience that he would "say au revoir, but not good-by."

The success of the Summer School for 1896 was really remarkable, and too much praise cannot be given to the president and executive of the Champlain Club for their kindness in making every thing pleasant for visitors. Card parties, receptions, etc., were made the order of the evening all through, and few who have enjoyed this season's pleasures will fail to come back if they possibly can next season, when things will be even brighter and when the Trustees of the school will so arrange the lectures that there will be ample time to mingle the useful and the agreeable. I, too, now say "au revoir."

Amongst the most pleasant reminiscences of the meeting at the Catholic Summer School of America were the arrangements for the enjoyment of the visitors on Lake Champlain. The fleet was under the able and experienced command of Commodore James Fleming of New York, and his kindness and courtesy will long be gratefully remembered.

MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF FATHER JOGUES AT AURIEVILLE.

[New York World.]

Pilgrims from all parts of the country will worship on each Sunday of the current month at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, on the picturesque banks of the Mohawk River.

More than two centuries ago Father Jogues, a French priest, accompanied by Rene Goupil, a devout associate, consecrated his life to missionary work among the savage Iroquois, then undisputed masters between the Mohawk River and the Genesee.

Both were butchered by the Indians—Goupil first and the fearless priest three years later.

The little town of Aurieville now stands near the scene of this double martyrdom, and a picturesque shrine marks the very spot. Special interest attaches to the present pilgrimage, and it commemorates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Father Jogues' heroic death.

A vast body of American Catholics for twelve years has been striving to bring about the beatification of the martyred priest.

LOG THAT KILLED HIM FURNISHED HIS COFFIN.

Charles Pierson was killed by the falling of a tree at a saw-mill near Fresno, Cal., where he was working. The log was taken to the mill, sawed into boards and from them the coffin was made in which the dead man was buried.

THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MONTREAL DELEGATES.

FATHER O'DONNELL PRESENTED WITH AN ADDRESS AND PURSE—MR. EDWARD HALLEY, ANOTHER DELEGATE, ESCORTED TO THE STEAMER—ECHOES FROM THE OLD LAND.

The general topic of conversation among Irishmen, young and old, during the past ten days has been the prospects of the success of the approaching Irish Race gathering in Dublin. Many there are who are not at all reticent in forcibly voicing their views in regard to the lack of interest manifested by the older national organizations in this city. A well known Irishman, whose name has always been forthcoming when the leaders of the Irish movement made an appeal, said in the course of an interview "that a city of the importance of Montreal should have sent at least six representatives to Dublin. I have nothing to say with regard to the capability of those who have decided to accept the call of duty, and who are now on their way to the scene of action, only that they have evinced a spirit of patriotism and courage which is praiseworthy in the highest degree."

Another well-known business man also expressed his opinion in a very vigorous manner regarding the sympathy of some of the leading spirits in our national societies.

There is certainly a very strong sentiment of regret prevalent that some of the leading societies should be so indifferent at a period when the cause of the Old Land requires so much serious consideration. "Something must be out of gear," said a young member of a well-known literary organization, "when the older heads have shown such carelessness."

A large number of the parish members of St. Mary's assembled after Grand Mass on Sunday in the basement of the Church and presented their able and zealous pastor, Father O'Donnell, with an address and a well filled purse preparatory to his departure for New York, from which place he will sail to attend the Dublin Convention next month. The address was read by Father Shea and the purse was handed to the pastor by Father Heffernan.

Father O'Donnell, on rising to reply, was received with great cheering. He referred to his trip to Dublin and the duty they expected him to discharge in their behalf. He made a pathetic reference to the endeavor which should be made at the coming gathering of Irishmen, and said that the time for unity of purpose, unity of aim and an earnest desire to submerge all personality in the great cause of Ireland had arrived. Father O'Donnell feelingly referred to the kindness of his people on the present occasion and gave them his blessing.

Father O'Donnell sails by the steamer Britanic, and will be absent about one month.

Mr. E. Halley, one of the delegates to the Irish National Convention, was accorded a royal send-off last evening, by the Y. I. L. & B. Association. Owing to the drenching rain, the intention of marching with the Victoria Rifles Band to SS. Lake Ontario, on which steamer Mr. Halley sails to-day, was abandoned. An impromptu entertainment was arranged at the hall, on Dupre street, and songs, instrumental music, recitations and speeches lent pleasant variety to the evening. A large party escorted Mr. Halley to the steamer and wished him bon voyage.

Notes.

Only two representatives from the leading city of Canada, the great metropolis. How things have changed.

The president of St. Patrick's Society should have made it his duty to attend the Dublin Convention.

Montreal would be unrepresented at the great Irish race convention, were it not for the generous sentiment of patriotism which urged St. Mary's Young Men and the Young Irishmen's organizations to act promptly.

The Toronto Delegates.

Rev. Father Ryan, Hugh Ryan, and J. J. Foy, Q. C., who are the Toronto representatives to the Irish National Convention, which opens in Dublin, Ireland, the first week in September, left for the Old Country yesterday. It is understood Archbishop Walsh will leave in a few days.

Sligo Solid.

There is no uncertain sound or tremor in the expressions of the good and true men of Sligo, in regard to their sympathy with the Dublin Convention, as may be inferred from the following:—

At a recent meeting of the Sligo branch, I. N. F., the following were unanimously chosen to represent the

branch at the convention: Martin Mulligan, president I. N. F.; Charles Sweeney, deputy vice-president, and Thomas Flanagan. The chairman said all true and patriotic Irishmen desired to see the convention a success; traitors and factionists desired its failure. They had prophesied that it would be a failure, and they were striving with all their might to make their prophecy true. But the convention would be, beyond all doubt, a glorious success. (Cheers.) No convention of the Irish race could be called on more Democratic lines. The door would be open to Mr. Redmond and his followers, to Mr. Healy and his admirers, as well as to Mr. Dillon and those who act with him.

The Capital's Voice.

The Capital of Ireland speaks out its great and powerful expression of welcome and its immeasurable confidence in the grand results which must flow from the work of the Convention. At the late meeting of St. Patrick's branch I. N. F., of Dublin, the following resolution was adopted:—

"That we congratulate the country in the now assured prospect of a most successful convention on Sept. 1, 2 and 3 and we confidently anticipate beneficial results from it that will again unite and consolidate all Nationalists for a final effort to win legislative independence."

Clare to the Front.

The good patriots of Clare have no lack of true warm Irish sympathy for the great meeting and its object, as may be seen by the following vigorous expression from the I. N. F.:—

"That we look forward with hope to the holding of the great convention of the Irish race as a means of putting an end to the dissension that has for years paralyzed the ranks of Irish Nationalists, and we hope that all Irishmen who put the interests of Ireland before faction will unite to make the coming convention the rallying point from which a united Ireland will start on its irresistible march to freedom."

Tipperary for Ever.

The typical Irish district, Tipperary, was never more loyal than on the evidence by its great outburst of beautiful sympathy for the convention project. The following resolutions were adopted by the Carrick branch, I. N. F., at their last meeting:—

"That we hereby resolve to prepare for the forthcoming convention of the Irish race, and to lend every assistance to make it a success, with the view of reuniting all honest Nationalists."

"That we hope to welcome the illustrious exiles of Ireland, who may attend the convention, if they visit the south during their stay in this country."

Mr. Davitt, M. P., on the Coming Convention.

Mr. Michael Davitt, M. P., says the London Universe, presided at the monthly meeting of the Irish National Federation, and referring to the leadership of the party, said they all knew what was predicted and what was said by certain critics of Mr. John Dillon. They knew how much charity and how much justice and forbearance were displayed by these candid friends in their predictions as to what would again happen to the Irish cause in consequence of Mr. John Dillon's leadership. He ventured to assert that the new chairman had signally disappointed the expectations of his opponents, and fully realized the hopes and predictions of his friends. Turning to the forthcoming convention, he said for his part he placed a hundred times more hope for Ireland in the work of the coming Race Convention in Dublin than he did in fifty sessions of the Imperial Parliament. After explaining the constitution of this convention, he said they knew that very widespread interest had been excited outside the shores of Ireland and Great Britain in the coming gathering of representative men of the Irish race. Already delegates had been appointed in South Africa and in Canada and in many parts of the United States, and he learned from the last mail from the Antipodes that their good friends from Melbourne had issued a call to the Nationalists in the colonies to send delegates if possible to take part in the deliberations in Dublin on the coming September 1. The Land Bill he described as meeting none of the conditions put forward by the tenants of Ireland. In his opinion it was the Nationalists themselves and not their opponents who constituted the major danger to the success of their movements. In the matter of amnesty great progress had been made, and in respect of unity there had been no division in the Nationalist ranks.

NATIONAL WEAPONS.

Duelling is, indeed, not without its comic incidents. Only a few years ago a sensible young Irishman, who was visiting Spain, was for some imaginary insult challenged by a noble Hidalgo. The matter was referred to seconds, that of the Irishman being a sun-loving attaché of the British Embassy at Madrid. As the challenged party, the son of Erin had the choice of weapons, and turned up on the ground with a pair of shillelachs, which he swore were the national weapons of his country, the only ones he was used to. Needless to say that the duel never came off.

A GRAND SEMINARY

BLESSED AT DUNWOODIE, NEAR YONKERS, NEW YORK.

MAMMOTH INSTITUTION TO TRAIN PRIESTS FOR THE NEW YORK ARCHDIOCESE.

[Catholic Standard and Times.]

The great diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie, near Yonkers, was dedicated last week with imposing ceremonies. There were 300 hundred priests within the walls of the institution, and it was their privilege to hear addresses from Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop Corrigan, the bishops of the neighboring dioceses and many others conspicuous in the Church, as well as to listen to the reading of the Pope's blessing on the seminary and the American Church and the congratulations of Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

A beautiful United States flag, 20 feet by 30 feet, was blessed by the Rev. James N. Connelly, assisted by the Rev. Father Dyer and the Rev. W. S. McLaughlin, at 6 o'clock this morning. After the blessing the three took hold of the cord and hoisted the flag to the top of the white pole standing near the southeast corner of the edifice.

The ceremony of blessing the buildings was conducted by Archbishop Corrigan, who, with a procession of priests, walked twice around them singing psalms and sprinkling their walls with holy water.

After this they marched through the interior, sprinkling the walls and singing the Litany. Then followed the blessing of the chapel, and at its conclusion came the Pontifical Mass, Cardinal Satolli being the celebrant.

The new seminary is the largest Catholic institution in the country, and from 150 to 200 students can be accommodated there. It is on the top of Valentine Hill, in the village of Dunwoodie, which is about midway between Yonkers and Mount Vernon.

The site is exceptionally well suited for an educational institution, and the magnificent building, erected at a cost, it is estimated, of about \$1,000,000, is the landmark of the district, and the panoramic view from the tower could not be anywhere surpassed.

To the north, the Highlands of the Hudson appear in the blue distance; to the east, Mount Vernon, with Glen Island and Long Island Sound in the distance; to the west, Yonkers and the Palisades on the New Jersey side of the river, and to the south, New York, with its countless church spires, all visible to the naked eye, and with glass Brooklyn Bridge is seen.

The park of sixty acres has been in the hands of landscape gardeners, until now it is a place of surpassing beauty. It was the scene of a skirmish during the Revolution, and was also the rendezvous of Major Dunwoodie and his American troops.

The main building is constructed of a dark grayish speckled granite, quarried on the premises. It forms a hollow square, with a central cupola. It has a frontage of 260 feet, comprising the wings, which project from the main part 80 feet. The building is four stories high, has four towers and a dome, above which is a large gilt cross.

The chapel has a depth of 130 feet and is 40 feet in width. The sanctuary is very large, with three altars, one to the right, another to the left, and the main one in the centre. The pillars are of Sienna marble, richly gilded. The flooring of the aisles is of beautiful Italian mosaic tiles, and the whole interior has a solemn and superb effect.

The entire cost of constructing and embellishing the chapel, which is in the rear of the central edifice, has been borne by Archbishop Corrigan, and is estimated at between \$60,000 and \$70,000. The recreation halls, lavatories and gymnasiums are in the basement. On the ground floor are the class rooms. The principal rooms of the building open on a wide balcony over the three main entrance arches, which are supported by polished granite columns. The staircases are fire-proof and they are conspicuous because of the absence of wood and iron, being built on the Roman arch plan. The first floor above the ground contains the rooms of the Archbishop and of the Rector of the University; over them is the library, with 50,000 volumes.

The lower and upper stories are taken up with students' rooms, opening directly into the open air. The professors' quarters are in suites of two rooms.

When the corner stone of the structure was laid in May, 1891, it was estimated that there were 120,000 persons present.

The priests of the diocese will begin going into retreat at the Seminary on next Monday, and the retreats will continue until October, when the active work of the Seminary will begin. On the opening of St. Joseph's the Troy Seminary will close and pupils will be transferred to Dunwoodie, where the work will go on as at Troy, only on a much larger scale.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a very stringent measure with a view to preventing fraud in the sale of butter, and, in the event of the Senate endorsing the bill, it seems as if it will be impossible to palm off oleo or any other composition as being the "genuine article."

COLD STORAGE.

BUTTER AND CHEESE MERCHANTS PRESENT THEIR VIEWS ON THE QUESTION

TO THE PREMIER, MINISTER OF TRADE AND COMMERCE AND MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE—SOME INTERESTING DETAILS ON THE SUBJECT.

There was a large gathering of the butter and cheese merchants of this city at the Board of Trade building last week to meet Premier Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, minister of trade and commerce, and Hon. Sydney Fisher, minister of agriculture, for the purpose of considering the great question of refrigeration on steamers plying between Canada and England.

"The question of refrigeration and improved refrigeration both on land and sea, to Canada, is so widespread in its significance that the more its importance and possible effects, and the results that will accrue from it, are studied, the more astounding will be the facts.

"It is no wonder that Canada exported last year only about 3000 tons of butter and it is practically the smallest exporter of butter to the British markets of any country of importance.

"The only way to obtain the best results and to keep the freshness of butter unimpaired is to have it put in ice-houses immediately as made and kept as near as possible from 10 to 15 degrees below freezing, both in the factory and in transit, until it reaches Great Britain.

"If Canada can tickle the English palate with this mild butter it would enrich the farmers to the extent of \$1 to \$2 on every package of butter shipped, or about 10 per cent. We will probably ship this year \$1,200,000 worth of butter; we would be from \$120,000 to \$240,000 better off, if we made the butter suitable and had proper refrigeration for keeping it and shipping it.

the cheap, rapid and safe transportation of perishable products from this country to the market of the world, that is to say, the English market. I am not sure our task is altogether without some complications. Some of the gentlemen who have addressed us have told us that there was nothing more for us to enquire about; that we knew exactly how the matter stood; that cold storage was the remedy; cold storage on land, and cold storage on the ocean as well. Mr. McKinnley told us that we had cold storage already to a practically sufficient quantity on land, but that there was one missing link—cold storage on the ocean—and that if we had cold storage on the ocean the problem would be solved.

THE OKA CONVENTION.

Inauguration of the Trappists College of Agriculture—A Very Successful Gathering.

The second annual convention of the missionary agriculturists was held last week at Oka in the new college building of the Trappists. The preliminary proceedings of the convention were very much enhanced by the beautiful inauguration ceremonies connected with the new agricultural building of the Order which has been only recently completed.

The opening ceremony was the blessing of the new building by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield. Besides the large number of priests present, the following lay guests were noticed: Hon. E. J. Flynn, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Louis Beaubien, Dr. Marcell, Messrs. Beauchamp (Two Mountains), Milton Macdonald (Bagot), members of the Legislative Assembly; Senator Armand, Mr. Chauvin, M. P.; Professor Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner; Mr. Chapais, Assistant Dairy Commissioner for the Dominion; Mr. Gigault, Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec; Mr. E. Gagnon, Secretary of the Department of Public Works, Quebec; Mr. E. Castel, Secretary of the St. Hyacinthe Dairy School; Dr. W. Grignon, Mr. Brainard, editor of the Journal of Agriculture; Professor Le Beauron, of the Oka School of Agriculture; Mr. Dallaire, Mr. J. de L. Tache, and many of the farmers of the surrounding districts.

After the blessing of the building the convention was opened by the Trappist Superior, who welcomed the guests. Bishop Emard then delivered an address, referring to the work of the agricultural missionaries as showing the interest which the church takes in the temporal welfare of the people, and also the good work done by the Trappists as pioneers of Christian civilization. In concluding, he invited the students to take advantage of the opportunities afforded them in this school of agriculture.

The Hon. Mr. Flynn followed and delivered one of his usual able speeches, during the course of which he paid a high tribute to the young students who were associated with the new college. He waxed eloquent on the subject of education generally, which he said was the first plank, and the main one, in the platform of the Government over which he had the honor to preside. He drew a vivid picture of the hopes and aspirations which he cherished for his native Province and pointed out in a masterly manner the means to be used in order to develop the vast resources which were to be found within the length and breadth of the immense territory in Quebec. The Premier's speech was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause.

Hon. Mr. Beaubien then addressed the meeting. He made a capital speech, and was, as always, his custom, very practical. He said that two of his long cherished ambitions were now realized—the clergy were taking part in agriculture, and the great agriculture school of Oka was completed. He was convinced that agricultural education was a most important work.

Addresses were also delivered by Dr. Marcell, Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Gigault.

PREJUDICE THE MOVING SPRING.

Motives for Excluding Religion From Our Public Schools.

[Sacred Heart Review.]

The persistency with which our Protestant friends continue to refuse to make any arrangement by which the rising generation can be religiously instructed, is very remarkable. That infidels and agnostics should object to religious instruction for their children is not to be wondered at; but that professing Christians, who acknowledge the importance of religious education, both for their children and for the community, should persist in supporting an exclusively secular system, this, indeed, is most surprising. They acknowledge, at least theoretically, the importance of early religious instruction; they can not deny the bad tendency of an exclusively secular system, for the effects of such a system are being developed all around us to a most alarming extent; still they will not yield. Even the so-called Orthodox denominations, from whom we might naturally expect a very different course, seem to be more set upon maintaining the present secular system than any other class, except, perhaps, infidels and agnostics, with whom, indeed, they seem to be allied in the really un-Christian and unholy work.

The question naturally arises, how is this extraordinary and apparently inexplicable state of things to be accounted for? What powerful influences are operating on the minds of our Protestant friends to make them willing to place themselves in this anomalous and inconsistent position—a position fraught with such evil and disastrous consequences both to our children and to the community at large?

Undoubtedly the great moving-spring of action in the case is the popular Protestant prejudice against the Catholic Church. It is not because the influence of Catholic teaching is bad. On the contrary, they know very well that it is good—that the more influence the Catholic religion has over the children the better citizens they will be. More than one Protestant writer has acknowledged, frankly, that but for the influence of the Catholic religion the condition of public morals would be far worse than it is now. The recent declaration of a distinguished judge in New York, at the close of a term of his court at which a large number of divorces were granted, that he was surprised and pleased to notice that among all the applicants not one Irish name appeared on the roll, is a striking fact in point.

The Catholic Church inculcates the highest tone of morality, and it tends to civilize, refine and elevate even the most barbarous people. In fact, there is a striking difference between the influence which pervades our Catholic parish schools, seminaries and colleges and that of the public schools and Protestant colleges. The religious instruction which Catholic youth receive has a tendency to improve the morals, to soften and refine their manners, to encourage self-restraint, generosity and unselfish consideration for the rights of others. That the pupils of our schools are not behind in secular studies is proved by the frequent triumph of our children in competition for public positions.

In spite of all this the prejudice continues, and we are treated as if it would be a sin for the state to contribute in any way to the religious education of our children. We are forced to the conclusion that our Protestant friends are really jealous of our success, and that through the influence of their groundless prejudices they are willing not only to do us injustice by depriving us of our rights in the matter of education, but even to deprive themselves and their children of the inestimable benefits of an education in a religious atmosphere.

This is most strikingly illustrated by their conduct in reference to the Indian schools. Instead of zealously going forward in the blessed work of civilizing and Christianizing the savages who are the wards of the nation, they have ingloriously abandoned their claim under the contract system, have ceased to ask for government aid, and are ready to sanction the deplorable alternative of leaving a large portion of the poor Indians in their savagery or turning them over to the inefficient, arbitrary, selfish and not very improving secular, godless schools of the Government. Why? Simply because their efforts as compared with those of Catholics were a failure. The Catholic schools, with all the poverty of the Catholic people, were more numerous and more efficient than those of the Protestants, consequently they received a larger amount of government appropriations and, what was still more irritating, a larger amount of unstinted commendation from disinterested government officials. This could not be borne. They are not satisfied with withdrawing themselves from the work, but they must do all in their power to cripple and destroy the Catholic schools. As usual, the obligations of contracts must not stand in the way of the accomplishment of their purposes. The Manitoba spirit is rampant. By hook or by crook—"per fas aut nefas: delenda est Carthago"—the Catholic Church must be destroyed. For that purpose the very virtues of Catholics are charged against them as faults—almost as crimes. "What right have they to such a large amount of public funds? Why should they be allowed to make such heavy drafts upon the public treasury?" As if we were really striving to swindle the Government. Good heavens! Are these men Christians? Are they even high toned, honorable gentlemen according to the world's standard?

But a more important question is, have they faith in their principles? It would seem as if their faith in Christianity must sit very loosely upon them. How can those who have faith sufficient to realize the vast importance of the spiritual interests of mankind be willing to sacrifice those interests by depriving their own children, and even the poor aborigines of our country, of the inestimable blessing of a Christian education in Christian schools merely for the gratification of a narrow, bigoted, unworthy and unmanly prejudice, the groundless

ness of which has long since been established and which ought to be laid aside by all intelligent, candid, thinking men?

Perhaps the establishing of denominational schools would involve too much trouble and expense for our Protestant friends. Perhaps the Protestant clergy do not covet the additional labor of daily or frequent visits to instruct their children in school. As catechetical instruction has been pretty generally laid aside among them, perhaps it would be difficult to furnish a systematic course of dogmatic instruction for the guidance of the teachers, and finally, perhaps, the general prejudice against all dogmatic teaching may constitute an obstacle not easily overcome in the important matter of early religious instruction. Still, it is our conviction that the vast importance of having the minds of our children early imbued with the spirit and principles of our holy religion may well justify and demand the greatest amount of personal and pecuniary sacrifice that the case may require.

Democrats and Their Duty.

Mr. McKinley is and will remain the only gold-standard and law-and-order candidate for the Presidency who has any chance of success, and however distasteful to patriotic sound money Democrats he and his party may be, it is their duty to support him.

There is a good deal more involved in the present campaign than the money standard. If it were only that, the American citizen who desires prosperity for his countrymen, and a high place among civilized commercial powers for his country, might contemplate with regret, but without despair, the prospect, slight as it is, of the triumph of Mr. Bryan and the advocates of the free coinage of silver. But Mr. Bryan and the free silver men cannot triumph alone. Mr. Bryan has more comrades and entertains other principles. There would accompany him to Washington, Altgeld, Tillman, Watson, Weaver, Coxey, Debs, and the horde of political and socialistic tramps who have been for years past wailing the echoes of the country with their demands that the government shall make their circumstances easy, and that without labor or forethought on their own part. They wish not only to be able to pass their days in talking politics and philosophy at the cross-roads grocery, but meanwhile to be fed, without expense to themselves, on the grocer's crackers and cheese.

This campaign on the part of Mr. Bryan and his followers is a war on the nation's honor, for the triumph of the communistic and Populistic candidate would mean the repudiation of the nation's obligations. It is also a war on property; for if the demand of the Populists be satisfied, everything saleable will be made of less value than it is. It is a war on thrift and prosperity, for the dissatisfied followers of Mr. Bryan would immediately adopt a policy that would discourage the accumulation of savings, and would suspend all effort to develop the natural resources of the country. If Mr. Bryan should be elected, industry would lapse into idleness, railroads would stop increasing their facilities or repairing and renewing their roadways and rolling stock, factories would close, merchants would fail, and working men and women would be thrown out of employment, while the title of American citizen would become a term of reproach and shame. This is the truth of the situation as it would be if Mr. Bryan were elected President, and the only light in the dark picture comes from the fact that the reign of communism would be brief.

Under these circumstances it is so clearly the duty of patriotic sound money Democrats to help to defeat Mr. Bryan that such an impatient utterance as that which Mr. William C. Whitney gave to the press a few days ago shocks those who realize the full significance of the crisis. To say that Democrats cannot act with the Republicans to save the country from disgrace and dishonor because the Republicans have not cordially welcomed their assistance, or because Republicans continue to believe in protection, although they postpone the tariff to the money question, is like saying that one will not aid in the advancement of Christianity because there are jealous hypocrites in the high places of the church. The truth is that while voting for Mr. McKinley this year, or helping to elect him by voting for a third and hopeless candidate, may not necessarily be a sign of high-mindedness and great self-abnegation on the part of a Democrat, it will be an evidence of good citizenship; while voting for Mr. Bryan because of a rooted general dislike of Republicanism and the Republican candidate will be the outward sign of an inward pettiness and of a moral degeneracy with which we do not believe that Mr. Whitney, or, indeed, many men in his position, are afflicted.

It is true that Democrats who acknowledge the duty that circumstances have thrust upon them will be subject to annoyance during the campaign and will not relish the situation. The situation is unpleasant to every one. It is not wholly pleasant to the Republicans themselves. One cannot expect much enjoyment or comfort during a summer passed in efforts to save the country from the assaults of communists. Every American of sense and patriotic feeling is disturbed and humiliated, not only by the war that the Populists are waging against thrift, and by the ignorance which seeks in the election of Mr. Bryan a remedy for unpropitious industrial and economic conditions, but by such selfish greed as was displayed by the glass-workers who recently called on Mr. McKinley with the plea that he prefer their business interests to the nation's honor. It is very difficult for conscientious Democrats to vote for Mr. McKinley, or to follow, even for the time being, the leadership of Hanna and Quay; but it is their duty as patriots to defeat Mr. Bryan, and the most effective way to accomplish that result is by voting for Mr. McKinley.

We are sure that the men of the West and South who are urging the nomination of another Democratic ticket are not moved by small and partisan considerations. They are calling a convention for the purpose of naming a sound money Democrat in order that as many votes as possible may be diverted from

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists.

Mr. Bryan. Certainly they do not share in the sentiment that the cause for which Mr. McKinley stands is to be risked because they regard Republicans as disagreeable political comrades. The Democrat who believes in sound money, who recognizes it to be his duty to do all in his power to maintain the nation's honor, and who thinks that there is the slightest danger of the triumph of the Chicago ticket, owes it to his country to sink temporarily his prejudices and his political principles touching other subjects, and to vote for Mr. McKinley.—Harper's Weekly.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

There are, after all, but two languages in the New World. It is true that some thousand other tongues are spoken between Alaska and Cape Horn, but they do not count. English and Spanish are—and always will be—the two great commercial and political mediums of this half of the globe.

Now in Mexico the study of English is compulsory in all public schools—and be it remembered that under the progressive administration of one of the great statesmen of the century, as Diaz unquestionably is, the system of education in our neglected sister republic is no empty word. Free public schools are everywhere. Not only do they checker the cities; not an Indian hamlet of a hundred people but has one.

All these myriads of Mexicans in kindergartens, primary schools, grammar schools, high schools, colleges, night-schools, are learning to talk English—not because Spanish isn't a good enough tongue for anyone, but because the Mexican Government is bright enough to realize the value of having two languages. Throughout the whole of Spanish America (as every scholarly traveler knows) there are vastly more people who speak at least two languages than there are in the United States; but Mexico is the first country in the New World to enforce the acquisition of a foreign tongue for the sake of its business advantages. English will never supplant Spanish in half of America; but it has become the great commercial language—and Mexico is going to be ready to do business.

Now, the other side of the picture. From our southern border to Patagonia stretches an inconceivable area, several times as large as the United States and far richer in natural products, vegetable, animal and mineral. It is occupied by millions now beginning to awaken to the development of their resources, and has room for millions more of sharers in that development. The commerce of these countries is already huge; it is going to be stupendous beyond imagination. The German, the Englishman, the Italian, the Frenchman are "getting in on the ground floor." They learn the language of the country—which is Spanish—and it pays them. Only a greenhorn would ever expect to do business in any country except in that country's native tongue. Meantime, we, who are Americans and next door neighbors, calmly doze while foreigners walk away with the business which should logically be ours. Americans, even when they settle in these Spanish-speaking republics, rarely learn Spanish beyond a barbarous smattering. I have known them to live in the country twenty years and still speak its language infinitely worse than a two-year old child would.

Tens of thousands of young people in the United States are studying to elbow into the overcrowded ranks of law, medicine, stenography and the like. They will live and die with the one language they were born into; shut out from the intellectual growth and the material advantages of all other tongues. Thousands of college students are "mastering" French and German—because it is a Continental tradition, and not because it opens greater literary treasures or a title of the business chances that Spanish would. And meantime "poor, benighted Mexico" is seeing to it that her every child shall have at least two languages at command—the two languages which dominate the New World.—The Sunshine.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS DEAD.

Sir John Millais, the distinguished painter, president of the Royal Academy, died last week. On May 10 last he underwent the operation of tracheotomy for the relief of a cancer of the throat, and never fully rallied from its effects, which immediately caused his death.

For Indigestion Horsford's Acid Phosphate Helps digest the food.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

THE OPENING OF THE SEPTEMBER TERM.

Mr. Chas. Doucet, Deputy Clerk of the Crown, gives the following list of cases for the autumn term of the Court of Queen's Bench, which opens on Tuesday, September 1st, at 10 o'clock. They are: Abraham Chasta, theft; M. Smith, shop breaking; Alex. St. Laurent, assault; Graham Fenton et al, shop breaking; David Walsh, attempt to break jail; Wm. Mitchell, theft; Geo. Harris, alias Lyle, breaking prison; Jos. Huddell et al, house breaking (three charges); Edward Molbut, theft; William Davis, theft; Wm. Charron, wounding with intent; Patrick Diamond, alias Kelly, attempt to break prison; Job Nixon, assault; Thomas Stockwell, burglary; William Higgins, stealing from the person; John Crawford, theft; William Ethier, theft; Robt. Williamson, fraud; Robert Connors et al, robbery; Ludger Thibault, shop breaking.

A clergyman, on a recent sultry afternoon, paused in his sermon and said: "I saw an advertisement last week for 500 sleepers for a railway. I think I could supply five, and recommend them as tried and sound.—Erie Messenger.

self-help

You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anemia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that.

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Incense for Churches. Extra Fine, \$1.00 per box. Incense No. 1, 75c. Incense No. 2, 50c.

Artificial Charcoal. Box containing 50 tablets, 5c. Large Wooden Box, Incensed, \$2.00.

Celluloid Roman Collars and Caps. Collars, sizes 14 to 17, price 25c each. Caps, sizes 9, 10 and 11, 50c per pair.

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Abenakis is a quiet resting place for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Salt Rheum, General Debility, &c.

MINERAL WATER DATNS. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamer "Berthier" leaves Bonaventure, March 1st, for Abenakis Springs, connecting at 8:00 a.m. with steamer "Sorel," arriving at the Springs at 7 p.m. Parties coming to Montreal by Berthier/steamer can connect with steamer "Berthier" for the Springs as stated above. Also parties coming to Sorel by rail or boat, can connect with steamer "Sorel" for the Springs on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 p.m., and on Saturdays at 2 p.m. Send for Circulars. Rates reasonable.

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OUR OBSERVER

COMPLIMENTS THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT ATTACHED.

THE ROMANTIC FELINE'S PREFERENCE FOR CITY LIFE—THE "WRONG MAN" ARRESTED—A HEAVY BET.

The baggages had better look to their laurels. As careful handlers of other people's property they are being closely pressed by the gentlemen attached to the Health department who noiselessly stroll through our main thoroughfares and lanes in the dead of night, and with clock-like regularity empty the prosaic refuse barrels. Note the gentleness of touch, the spirit of studied tenderness with which your new ash barrel is lifted by those graceful agents of the incinerators! Mark the lingering grasp, the fond caress in parting—as though the barrel would never again bring moonshine to their midnight rambles. Who would imagine such tender hearts beat beneath those rough, uncouth exteriors? Nobody. Who would believe (had not experience proven it) that the erstwhile festive ash barrel would feel the parting so deeply as to consider existence but an empty dream, and, "hoopless" as to the future, look all broke-up in the morning?

The actual killing of the "villain," in the last act of a drama, in a London, England, theatre, brought forth thunders of applause from the audience. Little the applauding multitude thought how real was the agony of the dying actor, how unappreciated this last success on the stage of life. We should now have another agitation against the use of dangerous weapons in theatrical performances. As acting is but the imitation on the stage of real scenes in life, so should the stage-knife be but an imitation of the genuine article. It may look ridiculous to see a tin sword in the hands of the avenging hero bend or break when it comes into contact with the breast of the base villain, but an impromptu introduction of the farcical into melodrama is preferable to the unexpected presence of real tragedy.

Living in an atmosphere of bloated aristocracy nine months in the year, I welcome a change in the hot summer weeks and invariably get it. The neighbors vacate, hie to the seaside and the country, and leave me alone, free, unrestrained and unmolested—nothing to break the sweet, soothing stillness of the evening, full of calm thoughts suggestive of universal kindness and love of mankind, but the simultaneous solos of 3204 cuts.

The romantic feline does not seem to hanker after salt water or rustic scenery. The briny surf and the new-mown hay have no charms for him. He never comes to wander more than a mile or two from his own fireside. He is a domesticated animal with a partiality for people who stay at home. This is why he comes from thirteen corners of the city, congregates under my window and sings. It is nice and considerate of him to relieve my loneliness, but I sometimes wish that a Couture cat would appear on the scene and act as musical director of this feline Philharmonic, infusing a little harmony into the whole. There is lots of lung power and piles of endurance now going around at a discount, but what is required is the introduction of a superior cat, a cat with long hair and spectacles, to run the show and place the parts.

It is trying on one's nerves to hear a big, black "Tom," with a basso-profundo voice, attempt the high C in the latest Glimakal opera. The part was never written for his voice, nor the voice built for the part, but he persists in "starring," and none of the gang seem to possess grit enough to tell him that he is only adapted to play the villain. He is a scrapper from the Catekills and gets his back up when rubbed the wrong way.

When the merry chorus gets in its work, every cat for itself, local summer choirs sink into oblivion, and I sincerely wish I could follow them. I have exhausted all the dispensable moveable property about my room. It took the forms of bouquets for the soloists and tokens of appreciation for the chorus, and was distributed indiscriminately and with malice aforethought. I am confident that I have killed each cat eight times, and want but another round of ammunition to complete the job and count the slain. Send your old boots, scrap iron, empty bottles and tomato cans to P.O. Box 1138.

Some people are polite under the most trying and existing circumstances. In the recent collision between the steamship Vancouver and Lake Ontario the master of the former, Commodore Williams, displayed characteristic courtesy in leaving his card with Captain Campbell. An effect of the collision was to deposit a quantity of debris from the Vancouver on board the Lake Ontario. This included the name of Commodore Williams' ship, which was torn from its bow.

I hope Captain Campbell will never have occasion to return the call under like circumstances.

What a surprise party it must have been to the "wrong man" who was recently arrested on the charge of manslaughter. It would be quite a shock to the nervous system of the most phlegmatic amongst us to be taken hold of by an arm of the law and unceremoniously told that we had committed a crime. When a police officer informs one in an off-handed, impromptu way that one has been guilty of taking another's life, one is liable to be dazed for a moment and have vague visions of having wandered about in one's sleep doing the Mr. Hyde act.

The western gentleman who bet \$2,500 to \$5 that Bryan would be the next presi-

dent of the United States had the courage of his convictions and an abundance of spare wealth. Those odds are rather long; I thought 16 to 1 about the popular thing.

MR. LAURIER AND POWER.

The editorial columns of Donahoe's Magazine for August contains the following article:

"What will he do with it? seems to be still the most frequent query in regard to the recent triumph of Mr. Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party in the Canadian elections. The inquiry is a fair indication of the peculiar difficulties confronting the new Liberal Government. While the overthrow of the Conservative party, after holding the reins of power uninterruptedly for a generation, is largely the result of a widespread dissatisfaction with its methods and later policy, it was evident in the campaign and election that there were other elements besides this contributing to the success of the Liberals. It is not so evident, however, now that the Liberals are in power, that all the undercurrents which tided them to victory will flow peacefully and harmoniously with the course of the new Government. Mr. Laurier's position is fraught with obstacles which it will require the ablest qualities for which his admirers have given him credit, to handle successfully. However he may settle the tariff agitation of the country (and his difficulties in this respect are enhanced by the probable election in the United States of the foremost representative of high protection), his task here will be nothing to that which he will encounter on the Manitoba School Question. The position of the new Premier on this subject is one of the most anomalous in current politics. A French Canadian Catholic, he has been elected to power against the behests of the Catholic authorities and over a party pledged to restore to Catholics the educational rights they were unjustly deprived of, and this upon the somewhat vague promise that he would solve the vexed problem in a manner satisfactory to all parties. This we believe will be the great crux of the new Premier and his party, for it is not a question that can be disposed of in any way without exciting the greatest opposition of the side whose claims and contentions are disregarded. We believe that Mr. Laurier, who is a close student of political and religious movements in the United States, may wish to take counsel of the easier and more quiescent attitude now discernible on the part of some American Church dignitaries towards public schools; but we do not think he will be permitted to settle the question in such a negative manner. It is probable that even the French Catholic Province of Quebec, which elected him in the face of the bishops, expect their fellow countrymen and co-religionists to guard carefully and promote the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba. Any surrender of the principle at issue, therefore, will in all probability prove fatal to Mr. Laurier wherever Catholics and their supporters are in a majority; while any attempt at coercion of the Manitoba Government would make him in the eyes of that Government's abettors as odious as Sir Charles Tupper himself, whom he has vanquished at the polls on this very issue. If Mr. Laurier succeeds in dealing with the Manitoba question successfully his reputation as a statesman will vastly increase. But the prospects are not so bright in that direction as we might wish them."

FUNERAL OF MRS. H. J. CLORAN.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Henry J. Cloran whose remains were brought from Hawkesbury, Ont., took place last Wednesday, August 12th, from the Bonaventure Depot to the place of interment, Cote des Neiges cemetery. Upon the arrival of the train a number of relations and friends were on the platform, including Messrs. Edward Cloran, T. J. Donovan and Frank Donovan, chief mourners, and Messrs. B. Tansey, Edmund Guerin, J. J. McConniff, M. F. Sheridan, E. J. Duggan, J. Gormley, E. Tansey, P. J. Crowe, J. Cochrane, A. D. Connaughton, M. J. F. Quinn, M. P. Frank Stafford, J. Reynolds, W. Stafford, J. Cuddy, H. Stafford, John Killoran and T. Fox. Accompanying the remains to the city was a delegation of prominent residents of Prescott County, including Dr. Pattee, Messrs. J. Costello, B. Kelly and B. McManus. Hon. Mr. Laurier, who arrived at the station from Ottawa, expressed his sympathy with Mr. Cloran on the irreparable loss which he had sustained by the death of his wife.

A TERRIBLE RUMOR DENIED.

[From the London Figaro.] Good Protestants will be relieved to learn on the authority of my Paris namesake that there is no truth in the rumor that Queen Victoria is a Roman Catholic and that the statement that Her Majesty goes abroad annually in order to perform certain religious exercises which would shock Dr. Parker and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes if she were to perform them at home is a slanderous fabrication. Of course, as my contemporary points out, the fact that the Duke of Norfolk is Postmaster-General has naturally led people to suppose that Her Majesty is a Roman Catholic. It looked as if the Queen were afraid that a Protestant Postmaster-General would read the confidential post cards which she receives from the Pope and denounce her to the indignant Commons. But, as my contemporary says, there is no truth in all this, and the report that Her Majesty keeps a college of tame Jesuits in the cellar at Windsor Castle is a wicked invention.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

For almost two hundred years the paper for the notes of the Bank of England has been made in one establishment in Hampshire. The mill was started by a French refugee, and his descendants have conducted it ever since. The paper is carefully counted and a record is kept of each sheet. All must be accounted for before the employees can leave the works at night. The notes of the bank, great square pieces of thick white paper, which do

not look like money to the American eye, are all printed by bank officials on the premises. The plates are also engraved on the premises. An automatic device records each impression made by a plate, and in this way fraud is impossible.

Notes issued are cancelled as soon as they return to the bank. Their average length of life is but a few days, although some stay out for a long time. A note for \$125 was out 125 years, at the end of which time it was presented and paid. Had the owner been able to demand compound interest he would have received about \$30,000.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

An Effort Made to Reduce the Rate on City Letters to One Cent.

Mr. J. F. Bannister, of this city, for some time past has been endeavoring to attract public attention to the important fact that the postage on our city letters is far too excessive. Mr. Bannister is of the opinion that a one cent rate is not only ample, but that it will also be the means of increasing the revenue. The following communications have passed between Mr. Bannister and the Postmaster-General Hon. Mr. Mulock, on the subject:

2243 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, P.Q., July 20, 1896.

HONORED SIR,—Your esteemed communication of the 18th inst., re tariff on city drop letters, to hand. In reply I beg leave to say that from my personal observation and from what other merchants say and do, that the change from two cents per ounce for drop letters in cities and towns to one cent per ounce would materially assist in placing many dollars to the credit side of the Postal Treasury, instead of a deficit, as members of the late Government decided, when petitioned on May 2nd, 1885, by the Boards of Trade of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and London.

I shall do myself the honor of placing your esteemed communication before the Honorable Council of the Montreal Board of Trade, when further action will undoubtedly be taken by them in a matter so important to the Government, as well as to every merchant in the Dominion. Thanking you for your great courtesy, allow me to subscribe myself,

Respectfully yours, J. F. BANNISTER.

To the Honorable Wm. Mulock, Postmaster-General, Ottawa.

TORONTO, Ont., July 18th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your communication inquiring whether the new tariff on city drop letters is to be one cent.

I am not at present in a position to answer this inquiry, but the Department will be pleased to have your views upon the subject.

Yours truly, Wm. Mulock.

J. F. BANNISTER, Esq., Corner Victoria and St. Catherine streets, Montreal, Que.

ON PREMATURE BURIAL.

From a London publication bearing the names of eminent physicians we take the following, says Our Dumb Animals:—"We have no right to say that a person is dead when the principle of life has ceased to manifest its activity in a human body; we can only say that such a person appears to be dead, and appearances are often delusive."

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

"Our belief is based upon scientific demonstration, which shows that even the stoppage of the beating of the heart and breathing, for a considerable time, with all other appearances of death, excepting putrefaction, do not make it certain that a person is dead, and that the suspended activity of life may not return after his body has been interred."

EDWARD P. VOLLMER, M.D., Medical Department, United States Army.

"The appearance of decomposition is the only reliable proof that the vital energy has departed."

HUFELAND.

"On the occasion that Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, made his celebrated speech, declaring that he was the means of preventing premature burials, he instanced the case of a young clergyman who, in the middle of his sermon, before a large cathedral congregation, dropped down in the pulpit. A doctor who was present pronounced the preacher to be dead, and signed the usual order of burial for the following day. The body was transported to the deceased's chamber; the bishop arrived and recited the De Profundis; the undertaker took the usual measure for the coffin, and mourning friends came to bid adieu. But the young clergyman had heard and recognized all that was taking place around him. By a supreme effort he sprang as it were back to life, and appeared next day in the pulpit. "And that young priest, gentlemen," added the speaker, "rose to be a Cardinal, and it is he who now has the honor of addressing you."

The celebrated French surgeon, Foubert, never dissected a body till he had first made an incision between the ribs on the left side, so as to be able to touch the heart with his finger, and thus test if death were real."

Another exchange says on this subject: One often hears of persons who have made provision against being buried alive. This is a wise step and it should be taken by some specific means by every one, and without delay. Many persons belong to associations the members of which have bound themselves to protect each other from this terrible accident. The association plan will accomplish this object more certainly than individual effort. Among notable persons who had this matter in mind, but who relied upon the individual plan, were Mr. Edmond H. Yates, who desired that immediately after his death his jugular vein should be opened by his medical attendant or some other surgeon, and that

a fee of twenty guineas should be paid for the operation. Also Wilkie Collins, who always left a letter on his dressing table every night in which he solemnly enjoined his people that if he were found seemingly dead he should be at once carefully examined by a skillful doctor. Hans Christian Andersen took a similar precaution by always carrying in his pocket a note to the effect that when his time came his friends were to make sure that he was really dead.

In Paris a society exists which binds its members to cause a surgical operation on the heart of each before burial; a similar society is in Baltimore. In Austria the same operation is performed when requested, according to rules set down in the law.

LI HUNG CHANG

WILL COME TO AMERICA ON THE ST. ST. LOUIS.

An exchange says that the Queen St. Louis, the fastest Yankee ship that floats, will have the honor of bringing to America Li Hung Chang. Passage has been engaged for the Chinese potentate for the trip which begins at Southampton at noon on Saturday, Aug. 22, according to cable advice. Forty members of his staff will accompany him. Li travels with his coffin, his yellow jacket and peacock feather.

All the viands and vegetables served to the real ruler of the Flowery Kingdom will be not only of the best quality, but particularly his own. He never tastes dishes prepared by any but his own cooks, of whom there are three in his retinue. The great diplomat eats at noon and 7 p.m., and drinks tea between meals. Steward George B. H. of the St. Louis, said yesterday that Li could take his choice of any of the side tables in the saloon.

M. Le Goff, the chef of the St. Louis, will sign one part of the range, which is a good deal bigger than a Harlem flat, to the three Chinese cooks.

These cooks have no "snap." They are kept on the jump from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., preparing duck with beans, fresh pork with preserves and cucumbers, prawns with gherkins, leeks and mushrooms, chickens cooked in vinegar and surrounded with green peas, fresh pork cooked in honey and served with mushrooms, pigeon leg soup, spiced with tart jelly, sponge cake and rice for China's Chancellor's exquisite palate.

If a roaster be so much as scorched in the broiling the cook knows that when he returns to China he will get the axe in the same place as the roaster.

His Excellency has the same menu every day. When he accepts an invitation to dine out he first partakes of a hearty meal home. His forty attendants are not so particular about their digestion as Li, and eat foreign-cooked dinners and are fond of them.

When the Chinese guests of honor board the St. Louis at Southampton, Li's steward will bring along a dozen fish, five dozen chickens, a dozen ducks, twelve kilograms of fresh pork, lard, mushrooms, peas, French beans, rice, tea and tobacco. Li prefers a long pipe, and can smoke many bowls of tobacco in succession.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS.

List of guests registered at the Abenakis House, Abenakis Springs, Que., August 12th:

- A. J. Loshie, J. H. Hanson, Mrs. Hanson, Miss Alice Munro, Master Fred Hanson, Miss Rena Hanson, J. G. Thon, J. J. Hatcher, G. G. McInyre, Mrs. J. K. Gilman, James G. Shearer, Mrs. J. S. Shearer, Miss J. Shearer, Geo. W. Shearer, W. J. B. Mullaick, Mrs. Bennalack, Miss M. Hanks, M. Charbonneau, G. A. Toupin, Mrs. Toupin, F. W. Spaulding, L. W. Watt, Mrs. Watt, John Perry, David Madore, O. Morin, J. A. Kennedy, G. Francoeur, Edmond B. Dale, Louis Sicotte, Miss C. Pelland, J. H. P. Sancier, Mrs. Sancier, A. Paterson, F. Huston, M. Huston, Miss Huston, P. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Geo. C. J. Traquair, C. F. Beauchemin, Montreal; Carl W. Kimpton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss E. H. Simpson, Miss E. Simpson, Richmond; Harold McLaren, Mrs. T. H. Henderson, Miss C. Nolan, Huntington; Miss Hall, Stanbridge East, Que.; Mrs. Jennie L. W. Cline, H. Samuel, Sherbrooke; Rev. T. L. Bull, Waterville; C. McCaffrey, Nicolet; Ed. Oullette, Geo. D. Ponthiau, A. A. Mondou, N.P., A. G. Charland, Annie Laperriere, Pierreville; V. Normandin, Boncherville; Eva Salvie, J. V. Robillard, Blanche Salvie, Joseph Salvie, Nap. Bibeau, St. Francois du Lac; Roseanne Tessier, Dina Tessier, Evangeline Salvie, St. Bonaventure; Marie Louise, Geo. McDougall, Mrs. McDougall, Drummondville; G. D. Brodie, Burlington, Vt.; A. F. Adams, Coaticook; W. C. Girard, Farnham; Mrs. E. R. Johnson, Mrs. L. K. Drew, Magog.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

At last Thursday's concert a free distribution of prizes took place, in the shape of "Music and her sister Song," recitation, etc., and as usual the concert

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

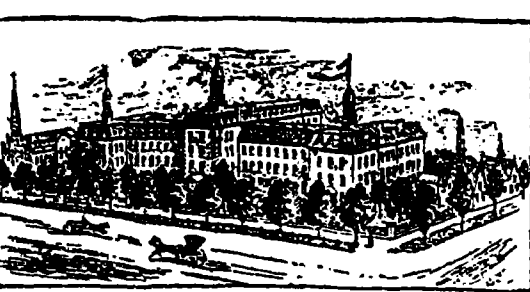
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easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 1978.

Dame Jessie Smith, of the Village of Saint Louis du Mile End, in the District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action, in separation as to property, against her husband, John Morrison, of the same place. Montreal, June 3rd, 1896. SCOTTIE, BARNARD & MACDONALD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.



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Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada.

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SEND FOR CALENDAR. (48-10) REV. J. M. McGUICKIN, O.M.I., Rector.

ball was well filled, and the vessels in port were represented. Rev. Father Devine, chaplain of the Club, being present, was called upon by the seamen themselves, and he favored them with a very interesting address. The following ladies and gentlemen took part, ably assisted by the jolly sailor boys: Misses Wheeler, B. Milloy, K. Kely, M. DeLaney, J. White, M. Smith. Messrs. Hamill and Miller were certainly good in their banjo duet. A. Read, T. Greenwood, E. Smith, J. E. Power, M. Boyle, J. Mullins, J. Rankin, John Hanrahan, M. Canning, J. Ham, Fred. Shaw, and several seamen. Mr. P. J. Gordon presided. An extra programme is promised for next week, and it is expected the citizens as well as the seamen will be in force.—F.C.L.

Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition.

AMERICANS WASTEFUL PEOPLE.

Col. Waring, of the street cleaning commission in New York, has found upon investigation that material that sells on an average for \$700,000,000 every year is carried to the dumps. In the first place, there are thrown away 236,000 pounds of rags every week worth sixty cents per 100 pounds, an item aggregating \$71,632 a year. There are besides 45,000 pounds of grease per week, worth \$130 per 100 pounds, and figuring a value of \$58,754 a year. Then there are unburned coal, metals and a great variety of more or less valuable things, a part of which is intercepted by garbage-pickers, but a greater part of which is thrown into the sea. That garbage worth \$700,000,000 a year should be thus thrown to the winds in a city where thousands suffer from stunted resources is a sort of prodigality that naturally stultifies overworked Europe.—Boston Globe.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT



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A GREAT WORLD.

They were room mates in college and had met after twenty years of rough and tumble experience in the world.

"What's become of Brightly? He was our valedictorian, you know."

"Last I saw of Brightly was two years ago. He was running a cheap restaurant in Denver, looked seedy and didn't appear to have a spark of ambition left. He failed in law, failed as a business man and doesn't know any more about catering than a cow does about Greek roots."

"The deuce! Ever run across Scrappy, the fellow that carried off the prize debate for our class?"

"Sure. See him every time I go to Frisco. He's a ward healer out there. Makes what he can during a campaign and is content to waste his eloquence at a beer table the rest of the year. There's nothing left but the stick of our sky-rocker Scrappy. But I can't get track of old Slowchop that used to bone fourteen hours a day and then always had to be conditioned."

"What! Why, man, he's at the head of the big wholesale house I travel for. Richer than a river-valley farm and the biggest toad in the puddle. He just carries soberly, that phnomemon in the classics that we were so proud of. When Slowchop was grinding he got lots of help from Soberly. Now he reciprocates with fat checks, for Soberly's salary as a preacher is too short for the size of his family. He gets help from Whoopsey, too."

"No! The captain of our baseball team?"

"The very same. He's a lumber baron and a member of congress. Got more ginger in him than half a dozen ordinary men. But what in the world has become of Lindsey, who was our mathematical star?"

Abrahamian whiskers and spouts like a whale in the interest of reform. He's the chap who split on that little harem-scarum Willy who 'borrowed' Frexy's old horse for a midnight gallop.

"Yes, and Willy was rusticated. Now he's a railroad plutocrat and president of one of the best systems in the country. As for me, when the bears are on top I live on the best in the land, but when the bulls get the best end of it I'm hustling for bed and board. She's a great world."—Detroit Free Press.

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This Institution, directed by the religious of the Holy Cross, comprises one of the most beautiful and commodious sites in Canada. It gives a Christian education to boys between the ages of 5 and 12 years. They receive all the care and attention to which they are accustomed in their respective families, and prepare for the classical or commercial course. French and English languages are taught with equal care. Boys received for instruction: L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C., P.R.S.

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Studies will be resumed on Sept. 1st. Write, Call or Telephone 2890.

J. D. DAVIS, Principal, Montreal Business College, Montreal, Canada.

Board of Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

The re-opening of the Classes of the Catholic Commercial Academy, and all the other Schools under the control of the Board, will take place on Monday, August 31st.

For all particulars, apply to the Principal or the Director of each school.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1896

SOME BASELESS CONCLUSIONS.

Not without justification does the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia complain of the perversion by Protestant writers of the defeat of the Conservative Catholics of the Province of Quebec. In the Review of Reviews, the editor, referring to the elections, under the heading "The Progress of the World," says that "the ecclesiastical drum was beaten might and main; while the doctrine that a Catholic citizen must vote as his priest tells him was asserted with the most uncompromising emphasis." Then after setting forth the result of the elections in this province the writer thus comments: "The worm has turned at last with a vengeance." How one-sided, prejudiced and ignorant any one must be who could have written such a criticism, intelligent Canadian readers, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, need not be told. There is a type of Christian of the Uriah Heep variety that is prone to pick opprobrious epithets from their proper context in the Bible and to apply them to their friends and themselves. "Worm" is one of their favorites when they go in for practising this mock humility. Probably some of our readers have heard of the young man who, when reproachfully reminded that it was the early bird that caught the worm, asked how it went with the early worm. No person, in sound health of mind and body, likes to be compared to a creature so lowly, however useful it may be in the scheme of creation, and to characterize the Catholics of Quebec as reduced by ecclesiastical tyranny to the condition of anything so mean and contemptible is at once impertinent and absurd. We regret the appearance of the passage reproduced by the Standard even more than our contemporary, for it cuts us to the quick. If it had been published in some A. P. A. organ we might regard it with equanimity, for there is nothing too ignominious and despicable for the bigots of that society when they speak or write of Catholics. Some time ago we had the pleasure of pointing out in the pages of the True Witness with what disdain their views are regarded by all respectable American Protestants. We cannot help being surprised, therefore, that language betraying such lack of knowledge judgment and good taste should be published in a periodical that pretends to be above mere vulgar appeals to religious passions. Indeed, although the founder and chief proprietor and editor of the Review of Reviews holds some curious spiritualistic notions in lieu of a creed the very title of his monthly implies a profession of impartiality and fair play in dealing with the questions of the hour. The Catholic Standard and Times deserves our thanks for so promptly disabusing its readers as to the misleading conclusions of the Review of Reviews. The Catholic bishops and priests of Quebec did no more than what Catholics do everywhere when they have wrongs to redress—"comes to the front and speak their minds honestly and openly." As for the electors they interpreted the advice of their pastors—"each, according to his own idea of the right or expedient of the case." The Standard then sums the matter up in these words: "That the vast majority of the Quebec electors believe that Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, the Catholic French-

Canadian, is the best man to settle the question, is a fact which demands no small ingenuity to distort into a revolt of the down-trodden worm." The argument carries, indeed, its own refutation, for who would believe that an electorate that showed so much independence had only just been emancipated from a thralldom such as the Review of Reviews imagines to have existed? The truth is that, as a defection from the Conservative side, the vote has been exaggerated even in Canada. Instead of being a sudden turn over *en masse*, it was in reality only a following up of a movement begun in 1891 and was mainly due to that tide in the affairs of the Liberal party which taken at the full led on to fortune. That it was in any sense a revolt against the authority of the Church no Catholic has the slightest ground for believing; and if there is any Catholic who is disposed to countenance such a notion, he is either sadly misinformed or is unworthy of the name that he bears. Gross as is the misrepresentation in the Review of Reviews to which the Catholic Standard and Times drew attention, it is of trivial importance compared with the travesty to which the Presbyterian Record, of Toronto, has thought proper to commit itself. The paper in question, which is said to be the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has made the elections of June last the subject of what may be called a manifesto containing a platform and plan of campaign. This manifesto is of peculiar interest as disclosing the attitude of a considerable number of Protestants towards the Church to which the majority of our readers belong. We do not believe that all Protestants hold opinions so perverse. To some of the more thoughtful and fair-minded we venture to say that such views would be extremely distasteful. But that many hold them is a melancholy fact that cannot be disputed. The Record alludes to see in the result of the elections in this Province, so far as it was "a revolt of the people from ecclesiastical control," a cause both for encouragement and for alarm. The editor, first of all, sets himself to establish the fact of the revolt. This, he says, is "patent to all." The hierarchy threw their influence in one direction; yet the people deliberately voted in the opposite. What is this, he asks, but the expression of a revolution in sentiment? We need not repeat all the inferences that the Record draws from the premises that it takes for granted. If they were true, Mr. Laurier's position, notwithstanding his triumph, would be far from enviable. Long ago it was said that men are inclined to believe that which they eagerly desire. The Record sees in the growing outspokenness of the French-Canadian press, and in the increasing success of French evangelization, signs that heralded the great revolt.

But what does it mean, this revolt from the authority of the Church? In answering this question, the Record's tone is not entirely that of exultation. It is forced to admit that such revolts have not always been a gain to Protestantism. Frenchmen especially, when their faith is shaken in the dogmas of the Church, are seldom induced to enter any sectarian fold. What the Record calls "evangelical religion" has, as a rule, no charms for the Frenchman who has cast off the restraints of his mother's creed. The sophistry by which he has tried to convince himself that he can do without the solemnity, the beauty, the solace of his own Church's divine offices, is futile in supplying him with a substitute. The frigid services of Puritanism go but a small way in compensating for the glorious privileges that he has lost by his apostasy. If it is so-called freedom that he yearned for, he is not likely to assume obligations more galling than his own clergy ever dreamed of imposing. Having found the ordered liberty of Catholicism too heavy a yoke, he will not willingly submit to Sabbatarian tyranny. Logic, moreover, forces him to abandon the less when he obtains the greater. Should the revolt become general, therefore, there is a peril—a terrible peril, as to which history is not without warnings—in which Protestants not less than Catholics would share. For if in more than a century and a third the ever increasing French-Canadian population has yielded only a few thousands of Protestants, what is likely to happen if the bands of authority should become generally relaxed and the whole French-Canadian community showed revolt from the Church? Even the Record acknowledges that such a prospect is not free from alarm. To prevent such a consummation it proposes that Protestantism should put on its aggressive armor and seize the present opportunity of giving French Canada the Gospel! These are the conclusions that have been drawn from the June elections by one organ of Protestant opinion. Are they to be taken seriously, or have the Catholics who are on the winning side any idea of the significance attributed to their victory by this voice of the strongest of the Protestant denominations?

Joseph Martin is pulling all kinds of wires to get the Interior portfolio. His friends attended in force at the Patron convention at Portage la Prairie on Saturday and passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Martin's claims.

SOME HALLOWED MEMORIES.

In our article on Madame D'Youville we promised to refer, with greater fullness than before, to the admirable Appendix, written by one of the reverend Sisters. The author of the Life, as already mentioned, is the Rev. D. S. Ramsay, a brother of the late Hon. Judge T. K. Ramsay. Abbé Ramsay belongs to a goodly company of confessors, who, though born of Protestant parents and educated under Protestant auspices, had the happy privilege of being led by Divine guidance in the way of truth. The late Abbe's Richards and Holmes, the late Mr. Justice Monk, the late Dr. Henry Howard, Mr. Joseph Pope and his gifted sister, that much lamented statesman the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, and others whose names will occur to some of our readers, are examples of the same illumination. After his conversion, Abbé Ramsay served for years in the town and parish of South Shields, in the county of Durham, England, where he was Rector of St. Bede's and Rural Dean of St. Aidan's and where the poor profited largely by his self-devotion and zeal. We have already mentioned how he came to write this excellent biography.

It now remains for us to say something of a portion of the Grey Nunnery's work that has a special interest for Irish readers. In 1823, we learn from the Appendix, a special ward was opened for Irish orphans. This good work, begun at the request of the Gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, was continued until 1846, when St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum was founded and put in charge of the Grey Nuns. The first sister who had charge of the children was the Reverend Sister Forbes, whose memory is ever cherished by the Irish Catholics of Montreal. After laboring in the ward for fifteen years, she was elected Mistress of Novices, but in 1858 she was entrusted with the direction of the Asylum, and remained till within a few days of her death, in 1877, in the midst of her beloved orphans.

The year 1847 is sadly memorable in the annals of the Irish people of this city. On the 17th of June, in that year of sorrows, the Ladies of the Grey Nunnery learned that hundreds of fever-stricken sufferers were dying, untended, at Point St. Charles. The Superior, at this time, was the Venerable Sister Forbes, sister of the directress of the Orphanage. (In religion, Sister McMillen, of Glengary). Promptly visiting the locality, in company with Sister Sainte-Croix, she found the rumor dreadfully true, even short of the whole truth. Having communicated with the eminent agent, Sister McMillen appealed to the members of her family, concealing nothing. They all volunteered, after a moment of prayerful reflection, and she made choice of eight. The experience that awaited them was enough to deter all except those who had not given their hearts and hands to God. "I nearly fainted," said one of the Sisters, relating her emotions on that eventful day, "when I approached the entrance of this sepulchre. The stench suffocated. I saw a number of beings with distorted features and discolored bodies lying in a heap on the ground and looking like so many corpses. I knew not what to do. I could not advance without treading on one or another of the helpless creatures in my way." Seeing a poor man making frantic efforts, she made her way to him with difficulty, to find that he was trying to escape the proximity of two discolored corpses. It is terrible to read of such things. What must it have been to endure them. Not for a few moments, nor even for hours, but for long days and weary nights? Yet the ardor of the Sisters knew no abatement till the plague began to seize them too for its victims. Novices and professed Sisters toiled side by side till fatigue overcame them. Then the Sisters of Providence took their places at the bedside of the patients. Bishop Bourget, the priests of the Seminary, the Jesuit Fathers, and other members of the Clergy, were alike unceasing in their efforts to solace and restore the helpless exiles. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame lavished their sympathies on all. In September the Grey Nuns resumed their heroic tasks, which they continued not only during the year 1847-48, but later, when cholera took the place of typhus. The description of the scenes at the sheds is most thrilling. The wailing of the children of the dying added fresh pangs to the anguish of agonizing parents. Those sons and daughters of sorrow found homes with the faithful at the instance of good Bishop Bourget. Of 30 Sisters of the Grey Nunnery who caught the dreadful typhus, and were for a time at death's door, eight survive to-day, and among them is the Superior. There is no more touching episode in Montreal's history, and those who read this account of it will find a new meaning in the subterranean monument, with its simple inscription, that keeps its memory sacred.

One result of the share of the Grey Nuns in this long tragedy was a large increase in the number of aspirants for admission into the Community. Up to 1840, the professed Sisters were authori-

tatively restricted to thirty. The prohibition cancelled, the demand for branch houses could be granted. During the last fifty-six years no less than fifty-eight such houses have been established. Of these some are hospitals, some schools, some orphan asylums, some infant schools, some industrial, some for Indians, one for the blind. They are distributed through this Province, Manitoba and the United States. Special interest attaches to the institutions in Northwest both from the relation of the Foundress to the brave Verandegre and her sons, and because in its early struggling days her institution had been helped by the Northwest merchants. Out of gratitude for those benefits, Madame D'Youville often thought of founding a branch in the Pays d'en haut. Not until 1844 was her heart's desire fulfilled. On the 20th of April in that year four Grey Nuns set out for Saint Boniface from Lachine in birch canoes. In these days of luxurious travelling we cannot realize the inconvenience, the weary slowness of travel in the years before steam. On the 24th of June they reached their destination, taking two months for a trip that now requires only a few days. What changes have come over the Northwest since then! At that time it was assuredly a "great lone land." Mgr. Provencher, who went to his reward in 1853, was the first of the honored roll of missionary bishops, his jurisdiction extending to the Pacific and Arctic oceans. His successor, the late illustrious Archbishop Tache, who wrote the record of the missions, passed away in June, 1894, just as the Grey Nuns were about to celebrate their jubilee—thus changing joy into intense grief. This admirable narrative gives extracts from letters exemplifying the modes of travel in those now far-off years. Hints of the difficulties of missionary work among the Indians suggest a mention of their devoted friends, the Oblat Fathers.

Meanwhile, in Montreal, a great crisis is at hand. The dear home of so many loving associations must be abandoned and a fresh start made from a new site. The choice fell on the "Land of the Red Cross"—a territorial name that recalls a drama of crime and punishment under the Old Regime. The story is vividly told. Very different are the associations by which the scene of retribution is now signalized. Madame D'Youville took charge of the General Hospital on the 7th of October, 1747—a century and a half ago next October twelve months. On the 7th of October, 1871, her precious remains were conveyed to the new convent—that colossal house of charity and all good works that not long since won the admiration of a son of Erin from the land of the Southern Cross.

SAINT MALACHY'S PROPHECY.

Attention has been called to the ancient prophecy attributed to St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, and the friend of the illustrious St. Bernard, through a work lately published by the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney. This prophecy is of peculiar interest both from the circumstances under which it was delivered and because the inspired prelate had passed away before the conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second of England. At that time the condition of Ireland was very different from what it had been in those earlier ages when its learning and piety were known to all the world. It had been overrun by these northern adventurers, as yet unchristianized and uncivilized, who were for centuries the terror of Western Europe and even of the Mediterranean. Nothing escaped their ruthless greed and cruelty. The houses of devotion fell a prey to them. Many of the monasteries they burned, and not only did they make havoc of the most precious libraries, but in numerous instances they slew those who guarded them. The consequences of these aggressions were most disastrous. Despotism, rapacity, feuds, and every kind of lawlessness took the place of the ancient institutions of the country, public morality had been succeeded by vice and obedience to the Church by defiance of authority. Unless this mournful change from Ireland's pristine rule and manners be borne in mind, the language with which St. Bernard begins the biography of his deceased friend will hardly be understood. "Our Malachy," he says, "was born and educated in Ireland, but he was no more affected by the rudeness that surrounded him than is a fish by the salt of the sea in which it has its being." He considers it nothing less than a miracle that a saint so gentle should have arisen amid such scenes of conflict and violence. His parents were of honorable race and were reckoned among the great people of the land. The mild and thoughtful boy owed much to his mother, who was nobler by her virtues than by her blood. She taught her son a knowledge more precious than all the learning of the world, and his spirit being susceptible to such teaching, he chose the better path. After a period of probation to religious life, he was admitted to the order of the priesthood at an age earlier than ordinary. One of his chosen tasks was to restore the once glorious monastery of Benchor (the

blessed choir or company, now called Bangor) which had been destroyed by the pirates. It was while thus engaged that he wrought his first miracle. Being reluctantly consecrated bishop of Cunereth (Connor), he had the sorrow to see his city sacked by the King of Ulster. He retired into Munster and, with King Cormac's help, built a new monastery. Ceallach, or Celsus, the primate, dying, Malachy was, by his desire, elected Archbishop of Armagh; but, two rivals appearing in succession, he accepted the high office only on condition that, after he had restored peace, he should be permitted to retire. Having succeeded and returned to his former See of Connor, which he divided, and taking Down for his own charge, placed the remainder under another bishop.

It was then that Malachy determined to go to Rome to submit his acts to the Holy Father and to obtain a pallium for the primate. He seems to have first crossed over to Scotland, whence he moved southward to York. There a priest named Sychar, who had the gift of prophecy, recognized him as the Holy Men Pontiff who knew the hearts of men. There also Wallenus, then prior of the brothers regular of Kirkham, but afterwards father of the monks of Mailross (Melrose), called upon Malachy and offered him his horse with apologies for its temper. But Malachy took it thankfully and under him it became gentle. Both going and returning, Malachy called at Clairvaux. When Bernard would not let him remain, he asked the privilege for four of his disciples and, on their acceptance, he sent others on his return to Ireland. Thus Clairvaux became the mother of Irish daughters. His pastoral duties and the reformation of manners employed the saintly bishop after he reached home, and his miracles became known all over the island. Among the places that St. Bernard mentions are Corcragia (Cork), Cashel, Lesmor (Lismore), Cultratin, Saball (in Ulster), and in Scotland, Lapersasper (Port Patrick) and Crugeld, besides those already named—Armagh, York, Mailross (Melrose Abbey) and Benchor (the Irish Bangor).

Before setting out on his second visit to Rome, Malachy, being asked where he would like to die, said, if in Ireland, where he would have Ireland's apostle with him at the resurrection (Downpatrick), but if out of Ireland, he would like, if God permitted it, to die at Clairvaux. As to the time, he said the feast of All Souls. He was anxious to see Pope Eugenius especially because he was of St. Bernard's company and a friend of his friends. Those who loved him in Ireland felt grievously his departure and made him promise to return safe and sound. He promised, in order to comfort them, and an adverse wind which drove the vessel back on the Irish coast enabled him to keep it to the letter. But he felt that they should see his face no more. Next morning he embarked again and in a few hours was in Scotland. He visited the canons regular of Glasgow and spent some days with King David. After some delay he was again near his beloved Clairvaux. "Though he came from the west," says the saintly biographer, "we received him as the rising sun! How eagerly I sprang to meet him, weak and trembling though I was! with what fervor did I embrace him! He, this pilgrim of ours, came to meet us smiling, affable, wondrously gracious to us all." Five days passed. The feast of St. Luke arrived, and having celebrated our Conventual Mass with characteristic devotion, he was seized with fever. He knew then that the hour of departure was at hand. St. Bernard does not allude to the prophecy about Ireland. In both the life and the letters there is indeed reference to his prophetic gift and there are many interesting touches descriptive of Malachy's genial Irish nature. Saint Bernard, on one occasion, expresses thanks for the present of a stick which his Irish friend had sent him, having learned that he was weak and ailing. We can almost believe that it was a genuine Irish blackthorn cut by Primate Malachy's own hand. Abbot Bernard composed a hymn in his honor. Five years later (1153) Bernard had followed his revered friend to the grave.

What is known as Malachy's prophecy was discovered in the Abbey of Einsiedlin by the famous Mabillon, who sent it to Saint Malachy's successor, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett. The correspondence is given in Cardinal Moran's life of that brave good man. According to the record Malachy had got as far as Pontefract, a short day's journey from Clairvaux, when death stayed his steps. He fell on his knees and a light shone over and around him. His attendants heard him speak as if praying, "Alas! for my ruined country! Alas! for the Holy Church of God! . . . With terrible discipline shall she be purified, but afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine in cloudless glory! And, O Ireland, do thou too lift up thy head! Thy day also shall come—a day of ages—a week of centuries, equaling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered unto thee! Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible yet so as through

scourges great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, inasmuch shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries and beauty and strength in thy defences."

Such was the prophecy uttered by Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, just before his departure on the 2nd of November, 1143, 24 years before the conquest of his country by the free lances of Henry II. Is the day of fulfilment at hand?

There has been a great deal of discussion indulged in by a number of people in this city during the past few days regarding the possibility of Mr. Blake coming to the front as leader of the Irish party. That the selection of Mr. Blake would receive the hearty approbation of Irishmen in Canada is generally admitted.

We have very much pleasure in announcing to our patrons that we have secured the services of Mr. Fred. W. Wurtele to solicit advertisements for this paper. Mr. Wurtele comes to us with excellent recommendations. He enjoys the reputation of being fully conversant with all the details which are requisite in an advertising agent, in regard to giving complete satisfaction to the advertiser.

THE BRAND USED.

TWO ASPIRANTS FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ORANGE ORDER PUT TO A SEVERE TEST.

The Catholic Citizen says that Frank A. Preble and Edward Arch, two carpenters of Waltham, Mass., took the royal purple degree in a new lodge of the order of Orangemen two weeks ago, and because of the severity of the initiation they swore out warrants for assault and battery and cruelty against John G. Graham, Daniel Tracy and G. O. Nickerson, officers of the lodge. Before Judge Luce in the district court Tuesday the respondents were given a private hearing and the testimony developed the facts that the two men were brand on the breast and legs with red-hot irons.

With both men the same results followed, their wounds became running sores and their sufferings were great. They protested against the branding, but were forced to submit to it. The iron was heated over a gas jet by one of the lodge officers, and its imprint left blood-red burns the size of a silver half dollar. The court reserved its decision, but in event of conviction civil suits are to be instituted. All sides seem reticent, and the testimony was taken behind closed doors. Preble, however, said: "I am an American citizen and I don't propose to be branded like a jackass or a broncho without remonstrating. My protests proving of no avail, I have sought the aid of the law."

ARCHBISHOP FABRE

TO SAIL FROM NEW YORK ON SEPTEMBER 5, FOR ROME.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre will leave Montreal for Rome, on Thursday, Sept. 3, and will sail from New York for Havre on the French Transatlantic Liner. His Grace will be accompanied by Rev. Abbe Dubuc, Chaplain of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, and will visit several places in France and Italy, and have an interview with His Holiness. This is the sixth time that His Grace has visited Europe. His Grace will return to Montreal about Christmas.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

AN ENJOYABLE DAY SPENT AT ST. HILAIRE.

The first grand annual field day of Irish national games under the auspices of Division No. 1, took place, on Saturday August 8, at Otterburn Park. The weather and care exercised by the officers and members tended largely to make the outing a grand success. During the day the youth tripped the light fantastic to the music supplied by the Casey and Davis orchestra. Men of muscle competed, while the fleet-footed ran and jumped. The success of the picnic was largely due to the care exercised by the following committee: J. McGrath, chairman; E. P. O'Brien, secretary; P. Reynolds, J. Dumdon, Jas. Ryan, John Ryan, T. Clarke, P. Logue, B. Feeney, R. Brady, T. McKeough, P. Scullion, D. Barry, P. Whitty, G. Holland, J. Mooney, R. Cransey and F. Traynor. Judges, R. Keys, B. Feeney, F. Traynor, whilst Mr. Hugh Tracy acted as starter.

PAINTINGS FOR ST. PATRICK'S.

Two large paintings for the chancel of St. Patrick's Church, the Assumption and the Sacred Heart Pleading, which were ordered last winter from a well-known artist in New York, arrived in the city on Tuesday last, and are at present in Her Majesty's Customs. It was intended to place them in position this week, but, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Frizley, the artist from New York, who is to superintend the work, this has had to be postponed. Mr. Frizley is lying dangerously ill at Strong's Hospital suffering from the effects of the heat.

Members of the C.M.B.A. are invited to visit Mr. A. R. Archambault's new establishment at 708 St. Lawrence street, and talk over with the proprietor or his assistant the special prices and conditions at which he is willing to supply members in good standing with the latest styles of pianos and sewing machines. As Mr. Archambault does not employ agents to sell his goods, the purchaser gets the benefit of the usual agency commission. A recent inspection of his stock has convinced us that he is offering an unusually fine line of goods at most reasonable terms.

GRAND BAZAAR

IN AID OF THE SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE WORKINGS OF THE ORDER, WHICH IS A CLOISTERED ONE.

The Grand Bazaar organized by the Ladies of Notre Dame de Grace in aid of the building fund of the new Monastery of the Precious Blood is now in progress. Saturday, August 15, was the opening day and proved a very successful one, for a large number of persons visited the Bazaar during the afternoon and evening.

Beautiful banners of various hues, artistically painted by the skilled fingers of the Reverend Sisters of the Precious Blood Monastery, drape the walls and give a festive and elegant appearance to the Hall. In one the Papal Arms stand out distinct and beautiful in its design and coloring; in others, the vine and grape flourish in all their green and purple beauty, reminding us forcibly of their deep mystical significance, and of course the ubiquitous little Shamrock pushes forth its triple verdure among these emblems of religion and nods a salutatory to the stately fleur-de-lis and a hearty Irish welcome to the guests that enter the Hall.

The tables are many and varied and laden with a wealth of pretty things that will loosen the tightest purse strings, and coax out a little silver coin to raise the needed pile. Madame Decarie is the Lady President of the Bazaar, and has been untiring in her efforts to promote its success. The Lady President's table is one of the prettiest in the room and deserves a visit from all who attend the Bazaar.

A large Banquet Hall adjoins, and delicate and substantial viands are there daintily served for the delectation of the weary or hungry guest.

Another important section is that presided over by Mrs. Dugald McDonald, Mrs. Captain Kelly and Mrs. Boud, who are endeavoring to make a record for the English-speaking people of the locality by adding a substantial sum to the general fund as a testimony of their devotion to the interests of the Reverend Sisters of the Precious Blood. This table is quite conspicuous with its yellow and white decorations and array of handsome articles, and facing, as it does, the entrance to the Hall, commands at once your attention. There are many pretty little novelties upon it as well as articles of real value, and the ladies in charge will be very glad to see all their friends during the weeks of the Bazaar, as they have provided themselves with articles to suit the purse and tastes of all, and are only waiting an opportunity to bestow them—for a trifle.

Amusements have been provided for the evenings, and city people will find it a real pleasure to ride out from the heated streets into the cool shadows of Mount Royal Vale on a Park and Island Car to the Monastery door, and there spend a pleasant evening with the Ladies of Notre Dame de Grace, and at the same time aid in furthering a good work. The Bazaar will continue until the beginning of September.

Perhaps you would like me to tell you something about the Rev. Sisters who dwell within the monastery. Well, I shall, a little. It can only be a little, for "all the glory of the King's daughter is within," and we cannot penetrate nor understand the true enduring beauty of such devoted lives. We, who are of the earth, earthy, sometimes wonder and sometimes pity in our simplicity those who pass their lives in cloisters, shut out from the world, and wonder how they came to leave all its beauties and dwell apart bereft of all that makes life lovely. They left it all for God. That is all the secret. A very simple tale when told, but often beyond our comprehension, because we are so tangled up in the ephemeral affairs of life and so engrossed with the world's projects, so completely lost in the contemplation of the idol. Self, that our true vision is blurred and we only see through a thick veil of self-interest the true meaning of life. They have a nearer view of God, and to preserve this privilege they tear away the veil that would dim their vision and shut out the noise of the world, that their prayers of reparation may not be drowned in its din, but may ascend, clear and resounding, to the very throne of God. They are the privileged souls of earth, beloved Spouses of Christ, and in their quiet dwelling they pass their days in prayer and work, in peace and deep joy, in hours of adoration spent before the Tabernacle. Seven hours a day are devoted to prayer, and at the hour of midnight the altar light gleams over their kneeling figures praying for the lost sheep that stray in haunts of danger at that hour. The hours of labor are spent in strict silence. Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is one of their beloved practices, and necessitates a constant watcher before the altar. A number of nuns who are not cloistered attend to the business of the monastery, but one may visit a Sister of the Precious Blood at stated hours, and see a happy-faced nun busy with some employment, behind a wooden grating, and cheerful in her conversation. Her habit is of a white woolen material, with a girdle of scarlet, marked with the instruments of the Crucifixion, and a black veil marked with a little red cross covers her head. She has left all for His sake, and the very garb she wears must testify to her devotion and love for her crucified God.

of its Maker; but we can only view the outer, mortal covering and remember that "all the glory of the King's daughter is within."

We all are sharers in the merits and prayers of these precious souls, and we may never know until life is spent what blessing they may have obtained for us, or what danger averted. Their spotless lives are not spent in vain, and we should remember them as a blessing flourishing in our midst, and endeavor to aid them in whatever way, great or small, we are able to do so. Their bazaar should be a success, and no doubt will be; but if any one can make it a greater success by ever so small a help, they should consider it a privilege to do so.

K. DOLORES.

A carved ship in a massive oak frame (donated by Mr. Connolly, of New York), and a large picture, representing the Holy Family, have been presented to the Catholic Sailors' Institute by the Rev. Sisters of the Precious Blood.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL,

Chief Justice of England, arrives in New York.

The arrival on the Umbria last week of Baron Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench Division of the English High Court of Judicature, to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association at Saratoga, was an event of no less interest to laymen than to the legal profession, the like of which has not happened since the visit of Lord Coleridge to this country a few years ago. And Sir Charles, as perhaps he is more familiarly known to newspaper readers, is a more interesting character than his predecessor. For a dozen years or more preceding his elevation from the crown offices to the Chief Justiceship in 1894, his name had become familiar to American readers in connection with every one of the noted proceedings in the British law courts. He had been a barrister thirty-five years and for a score of years had been one of the leaders. In him was found a combination, rarely met in America, of forensic skill and deep acquaintance with the principles of commercial law, so important in the development of modern business. To be an invincible verdict-getter, an eminent adviser, to enjoy an income from legal practice put at \$150,000 a year, to be a hard worker, and at the same time a lover of racing and of whist, and with an active member of Parliament, is to occupy a unique position in the legal profession. The recent Jameson trial at the bar of the Queen's Bench, where, with Baron Pollock and Justice Hawkins, Lord Russell presided with dignity and firmness, has furnished perhaps the first crucial test of the orator and advocate under the altered requirements of the bench.

Lord Russell was accompanied by Lady Russell, Charles Russell, their son-in-law, Miss Russell, Sir Frank Lockwood, M.P., Lady Lockwood, Miss Lockwood, Montague Crackenthorpe, Q.C., and James Fox. Lord Russell and Sir Frank Lockwood are the representatives of the senior bar of Great Britain, and Montague Crackenthorpe of the junior bar. Sir Frank is a barrister distinguished for his ready wit and legal acquirements.

When the Umbria arrived at her dock a committee of lawyers representing the New York bar, and led by James C. Carter, were admitted on board the vessel to welcome the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Carter in a few felicitous words welcomed Lord Russell and his companions and said he hoped their visit to this country would be a pleasant one. Lord Russell responded briefly, expressing his appreciation of the courtesy extended to him by his legal brethren on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Frank Lockwood also acknowledged the greeting of the committee, as did other visitors among the party. The Lord Chief Justice was then questioned by the reporters, to whom he talked for a few moments. He declined, however, to be interviewed upon or discuss any political questions of an international character. With reference to the Venezuelan question, Sir Frank Lockwood expressed the opinion that it was one of great interest to all English-speaking people. He said he did not attach much importance to the silver agitation, but added that as he was not much interested in political or financial matters, he preferred not to discuss those subjects.

After the greetings were over the visitors were taken up the Hudson on a yacht by Henry Villard to his country place, at Dobbs Ferry, where they will remain for some days. Before their return to Europe early in October they will visit Niagara Falls and other places of interest in this country, as well as Montreal and other cities in the Dominion of Canada. While at Dobbs Ferry they will meet some of the leading members of the judiciary and bar of this country, as well as many well-known financiers and other persons prominent in various ways in this country.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Branch 54, of the C.M.B.A., of Montreal, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: That it having pleased the Almighty to recall to Himself our late brother, James Liddy, be it resolved,

That we, the members of this branch, with humble submission to the Divine Will, beg to extend our sympathy to his widow and children in their great sorrow and loss.

Be it further resolved, that we publish this in the local papers and official organ of the C.M.B.A., and have our charter draped for the space of thirty days; also that a copy of the above, with a letter of condolence, be sent to his afflicted wife and children.

FRANCIS D. DALY, Secretary.

The suggestion that Hon. Edward Blake would be nominated by Hon. Mr. Laurier for the Canadian seat on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council arouses much interest in the Irish Parliamentary party. John Dillon said that he did not believe that Mr. Blake had been approached on the sub-

ject, and it is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Blake is under a pledge to the party not to accept any position of emolument from any British Government. No doubt Mr. Blake's great abilities would do honor to the Privy Council, Canada and the Empire, but Mr. Blake having put his hand to the plow for the regeneration of Ireland, he is not likely to turn back until success is attained. Mr. Blake has shown much zeal lately to ensure the success of the coming Irish convention in the belief that it will heal the divisions and make the Irish party again united.

VERY CHOICE CIGARS.

A CORRESPONDENT TELLS HOW THEY ARE MADE FOR CHEAP SALE.

[From the London Standard.]

"I am informed that a large trade in the manufacture of English cigars is carried on, principally in the east end of London. All the ends of cigars and cigarettes, 'dottels,' chewed 'quids,' &c., are bought at so much per pound from public houses, music halls, &c., besides those picked up in the street. These savory morsels are put into a large bath, where a kind of tobacco broth is made.

In the early autumn, when the chestnut leaves are beginning to turn a golden color, parties are organized, who go to wherever they can get a good supply of these leaves, which are then put on long wires and immersed in this bath for either a short or long time, according to the requirements of a strong or mild cigar. These leaves are then rolled into English cigars.

The above correspondent's statement tallies with an incident which occurred some years ago, when a certain person was charged with illegally manufacturing cigars. His defense was that the cigars he manufactured did not contain a particle of tobacco. And what is more, he proved his case. His cigars were made of brown paper, embossed to look like leaves and steeped in tobacco juice.

A NEW FIRM.

The firm of Wall, Stewart & Co., wholesale and retail paint and hardware merchants, has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. Henry P. Wall. The Stewart brothers, J. W. and J. A., have entered into partnership and formed a new firm under the name and style of J. W. Stewart & Co.

The members of the new firm are the sons of our old and esteemed citizen Mr. Michael Stewart, who for a period of more than two generations carried on successfully the business of a lumber dealer on Craig street. He is one of the leading parishioners of St. Anthony's church, and takes an active and enthusiastic interest in all matters that are calculated to promote its prosperity. The young men comprising the new firm are full of energy and ability and should certainly make their mark in the commercial arena. We wish them every success in their new enterprise.

PEPTONIZED PREACHING.

"What is needed," says the New York Observer (Pres.), "is peptonized preaching. The ferment peptonized the natural stomach supplies is nowadays simulated in foodstuffs in which the peptones are artificially produced. In simpler English, a kind of predigested food is manufactured by the art of man, which is readily assimilated when absorbed by otherwise recalcitrant stomachs. Thus the dyspeptic has his dinner as well as any other man, though it is neither in substance nor quality that other man's dinner. But the food is very ingeniously provided beforehand with such elements or qualities as make it thoroughly adaptable to the digestive apparatus of even invalids and dyspeptics. The question is not whether a sound digestion would require these peptonized foods nor as to how far their use in a medicinal way is to be recommended. In most dietaries probably they would have no place. But it is worth while to ask whether the preacher of the Gospel would not do well to assume that not all, nor even most of his auditors are of that stalwart style of spiritual physique which is able to assimilate anything he may give them in the line of doctrine? Shall he not rather take it for granted that many of his hearers will require in order to moral nutrition a kind of a peptonized teaching which has no less of the truth in it, indeed, but contains the truth in a predigested form, readily understandable and usable by the weakest-minded auditors? It is possible to put even weighty doctrines into such a plain, persuasive, peptonized form as will render them easy of digestion even by children and spiritual invalids."

The variety of belongings left by passengers in the street cars of this city was brought to a climax one day last week when a woman left her three-year-old baby on board car No. 162 of the Ontario and Wellington street line. Six o'clock came, and just as every one was getting desperate the 12-year-old sister came into the office breathless and crying. It seems that upon arriving home they discovered that baby was not there, and it then dawned upon them that she had accompanied the mother and sister on their shopping tour and had been forgotten somewhere along the route. There was a glad cry from the baby when she recognized her sister, and was immediately crowing and laughing in a way which made the conductor and motor-man green with envy, and they were heard to remark to each other that there was no use experimenting; neither one of them knew how to amuse a lost baby.

Rev. Abbe Troie, curé of Notre Dame, has returned from his trip across the continent, undertaken four weeks ago in company with Rev. Abbe Caplier, Superior General of the Sulpician Order, and Rev. Abbe de Foville, of the Grand Seminary. The rev. gentleman is in excellent health and delighted with the visit, which was in many respects a revelation to the three tourists. The first stop was made at St. Boniface and Winnipeg, where, Mr. Troie remarked, "they are in hopes that Mr. Laurier will finally settle the school question."

IRISH PRISONERS FREED.

DALY, DEVANY, GALLAGHER AND WHITEHEAD RELEASED ON LICENSE.

THEY WERE CONVICTED OF TREASON-FELONY IN MAKING THE DYNAMITE SCARES IN GREAT BRITAIN IN 1883-'84, AND SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

(New York Democrat.)

LONDON, August 13.—Home Secretary Ridley announced in Parliament today that, upon recommendation of physicians, it has been decided to release, on license, Daly, Devany, Gallagher and Whitehead, four Irishmen imprisoned for conspiring against the Government in connection with the dynamite explosions of some years back.

The released men were arrested during the dynamite scares in England of 1883 and 1884. Under the law, as it stood, they could not be sentenced to more than two years' imprisonment, as they were arrested under the Explosives Act. So a special act was passed under which they were tried for treason-felony. They were charged with manufacturing dynamite bombs or having bombs in their possession.

Dr. Thomas Gallagher and Albert George Whitehead, both American citizens, were arrested in London in company with John Curtin Kent and Henry Hammond Wilson early in 1883, and on June 14 of that year they were found guilty of treason felony and sentenced to life imprisonment. Kent was liberated a year ago and is now in the United States. Dr. Gallagher lived in Greenpoint, L. I., where he had a large medical practice. Several petitions for his release, signed by influential Americans, including clergymen of all denominations, were sent to the Home Office.

John Daly was arrested April 11, 1884, at Birkenhead, with two bombs in his possession. On the same day James F. Egan, with whom Daly lived, and who is now in the United States as a delegate from the Amnesty Association, was also arrested. Both were found guilty of treason felony in July, 1884. Daly was sentenced for life and Egan for twenty years. Egan was released January 19, 1893.

Daly served seven years in Chatham Prison and then was sent to Portland Prison. At the last general election he was elected, without opposition, to represent Limerick in Parliament, and immediately afterwards was selected Sheriff by the Limerick Aldermen. Thomas Devany was arrested with nine others in Glasgow in 1883 on similar charges. He was tried in Edinburgh in December of that year, and with Terence McDermott and James McCullough was sentenced for life.

There are now in Portland Prison serving life sentences: Henry Hammond Wilson, Timothy Featherstone and Harry Barton, American citizens; Henry Dalton, Patrick Flanagan and Terence McDermott, all on charges of treason felony. John Duff is serving a term of twenty years for the same offense, which dates from 1885.

In Irish convict prisons Joseph Mollet, James Fitzharris, alias "Skin the Goat," Lawrence Hanlon, Matthew Mullen and Matthew Kinsella, are serving life terms for connection with the Phoenix Park and other Fenian events in Dublin.

James F. Egan, who was very active in raising funds for the aid of Dr. Gallagher and his companions, said: "From what I know of the condition of the men when I last saw them in Portland Prison, I believe that they have been released only to prevent their dying in prison. Daly is a very sick man, and poor Gallagher and Devany have long since become irresponsible; their minds have given way under the terrible treatment which they received. The Amnesty Association has worked faithfully for the release of these men, and will continue the good work until every man now in jail is given his freedom."

OBITUARY.

On Tuesday, 11th inst., Mr. Patrick C. Keely, "the pioneer Catholic architect of America," died in the 80th year of his age at his home, 257 Clermont avenue Brooklyn, leaving the proud record that he had designed and built over 300 churches.

Rev. James McHugh, of St. Peter's Cathedral, Scranton, Pa., died suddenly Monday afternoon, Aug. 10. Father McHugh was one of the best known and most popular priests of the Scranton Diocese, and his sudden demise is deeply mourned.

After an illness of ten days Right Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, fourth bishop of the Catholic diocese of Mobile, died last week at an infirmary in his episcopal city. His death was due to an abscess of the lungs.

Mary Irene Fitzgibbon, a Sister of Charity, known in religious circles as Sister Irene, died of heart disease at the New York Foundling Hospital, Sixty-eighth Street and Third Avenue. She was born in London in 1823, and came to America when about twenty years old. In 1850 she entered the community of the Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent, New York.

A QUEER LIGHTHOUSE.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish rock, Stornoway Bay—a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil well to replenish. The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a

lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a light exists which has neither lamp or lighthouse keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service room, bedroom, storeroom, oilroom, water tanks, and all other accessories, were erected on the summit of the rock.

HIS LAST ASCENSION.

FRANK JACOBS WENT INTO MID-AIR FOR THE 1005TH AND LAST TIME.

Frank Jacobs, of Cincinnati, a balloonist, made his 1005th and last ascension at Baldwin Park last week. Jacobs and a local aeronaut named Duddy were to give a balloon and parachute race.

Both balloons were cut loose together, and when 150 feet high Jacobs' balloon burst. Jacobs cut loose from it with his parachute, which failed to open, and the man shot downwards at a terrific rate of speed. He struck the ground feet first and was picked up in an unconscious condition and carried to the tent, where he died half an hour later. Both legs were horribly mangled, and his neck and two ribs were broken. Jacobs' wife and child were among the spectators.

HE HELD DOWN THE PLACE.

"One of the best judges Indiana ever had was Silas Ramsey of Corydon," said J. K. Helton, a prominent lawyer of Indianapolis. "And yet his election was a joke. A very able but unpopular lawyer received the judicial nomination, and in order to humiliate him Ramsey was induced to run against him. Ramsey was a blacksmith and had probably never opened a law book in his life. He was a hail fellow well met and had an extensive acquaintance, but of course, had no idea of being elected. When the votes were counted he had a majority and it was feared that the joke would prove a serious one, but he at once took a course at law school, and during the first two or three years on the bench conferred with able lawyers, reserving decisions in close cases until he could fully study them and he advised upon them, and by the close of his term had acquired an enviable reputation. The blacksmith's decisions were very rarely reversed by the Supreme Court."—Washington Star.

MINES COST MONEY TO DEVELOP.

J. B. Haggin took \$3,000,000 from the Custer Mine in Idaho before he reached a depth requiring the use of candles when working it. He spent a similar amount in developing the Ammonoite mine before it was on a paying basis. The Homestake mine, in the Black Hills, could not be profitably worked by the prospector, but the expenditure of \$135,000 for machinery started it yielding a dividend of \$20,000 a month.

AN OFFICE SECRET.

A certain manufacturer took into his office a nephew who, to put it mildly, was rather feeble minded.

One day he came to his uncle and said:

"Uncle, what do you think the head clerk, Jones, has been telling people about me?"

"I have no idea, I'm sure," replied the uncle.

"He has been telling everybody that I am a fool."

"Well," said the uncle, "I will see him and tell him to keep it quiet. He has no right to expose the secrets of the office."

"How old is your baby, ma'am?"

"Just 10 months."

"Does she walk?"

"Once in a while she staggers a few steps, sir."

"Hem! takes after her father. Can she talk?"

"She jabbars all the time, sir."

"Hem! takes after her mother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Much Too Smart—"I see you haven't your clerk any longer," said the store loafer.

"No," said the grocery and general storeman. "A woman came in and asked for a stove-lifter."

"And he told her she wanted a lid lifter?"

"Nope. He handed her a pint of kerosene."—Indianapolis Journal.

A certain physician at sea made great use of sea water among his patients. Whatever disease came on, a dose of the nauseating liquid was thrown down.

In the fulness of time the doctor fell overboard.

A great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up and inquired the cause.

"Oh, nothing," answered the tar; "only the doctor has fallen into his medicine chest."

The Irishman, when called upon to reason out a problem, often makes a snort out towards the answer and thereby proves that "brevity is the soul of wit."

One day a water carrier who supplied the little village with water from the river, halted at the top of the bank and a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years or more, sir," was the ready answer.

"Ah, yes! How many loads do you take in a day?"

"From ten to fifteen, sir."

"Ah! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at that rate have you hauled in all, sir?"

Pat promptly jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied: "All the water you don't see there now, sir."—Chicago News.

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LINENS! -- LINENS! Handsome H. S. Table Cloths and Napkins, all reduced half price: \$16 for \$8.25, \$17.50 for \$8.75, \$18 for \$9, \$20 for \$10. Fancy Tea Cloths at 10c to go at 20c each. Fancy French Sateen Cushion Covers, 50c for 25c. Beautiful Red Damask Table Covers, 75c for 37c. 8c for 4c, \$1 for 50c, \$1.50 for 75c, \$1.75 for 87c. All Damask Table Coverings, all warranted solid colors. 5c for 2c, 6c for 3c, 7c for 3c, 8c for 4c. Fancy Drawn Tea Cloths and Shams at less than half price. \$1 for 40c, \$3.75 for \$1.50, \$4.50 for \$2, etc., etc.

Children's Dresses and Hats. Balance of Children's Dresses reduced as follows: 80c for 40c, 90c for 45c, \$1 for 50c, \$1.25 for 62c. Balance of Children's Hats, 10c for 5c, 20c for 15c.

Corsets and Whitewear. One lot Corsets, all sizes (grey only), \$1 for 50c. Ladies' Sample Whitewear, reduced to half price.

Boys' Clothing. Galatea Suits, \$1.50 for 75c, \$2 for \$1. Special-Blouses. New Line of Linen Blouses, regular price \$2; our price \$1.25. White Cambric Blouses, regular price \$1.10; our price to clear 25c.

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ST. PATRICK'S Christian Brothers' School Will re-open on Tuesday, 1st September. Place being limited, pupils are requested to present themselves as early as possible. Pupils will be received on Monday, 31st August. 5-2

Commercial & Industrial College, Longueuil, Que.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. This institution has for object to impart a Christian education to youth, together with a thorough knowledge of the English and French languages and whatever may fit them for commercial and industrial pursuits. The location, of easy access to Montreal, offers unexcelled sanitary advantages. Terms for boarders very moderate. OPENING, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1896. For further particulars, address THE DIRECTOR. 5-2

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 239.

Dame Leda Betourmy, of the Town of Longueuil, district of Montreal, has, this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Laurent Auguste Horoux Heroux, of the same place. Montreal, 13th August, 1896. SAINT-PERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for the Plaintiff. 5-5

MAKING IT EASY FOR THEM.

The Sultan of Turkey not only has a rigid censorship of the press, but he has ordered that no newspapers be published until the afternoon, so that the censors will not have to forgo their morning nap in order to supervise them.

ON CREDIT.

A beautiful girl with a pair of pouting lips stepped into a draper's to buy a pair of gloves. "How much are they?" "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes speaking daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best way you can." So saying, she hastily tripped out at the door. Affable Stranger—Kindly tell me what time the 4 o'clock train leaves? Ticket Agent—Well, of all the chump questions! Say, you'd better chase yourself before the depot falls on you. Affable Stranger—Oh, never mind, if the question irritates you. I just wanted a little information. I'm the new superintendent of the road, you know.—Cleveland Post.

Where The Turf Fires Burn.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

(FROM O'DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.)

TWO letters lie before me demanding an immediate answer. I have taken a week to make up my mind as to what I shall say, and now there is only one hour before the post goes out and I must decide to-day. One letter is from a dear aunt who wants me to spend the winter with her at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine. The attraction is great; this wonderful Moorish hotel, its exquisite halls and stairways, and Florida, with its flowers and sunshine, are irresistible. I feel I must go. Then, on the other hand, here is the second epistle tantalizingly enchanting. Nell, my cousin, my life-long friend, a bride of a year, calls me across the water to see her in her old house among the mountains, on the green shores of Erin. How I wish I could be Boyle Roche's bird, and be in both places at the same time. I think, and think; time goes, and at last I begin to write. St. Augustine is fair; but Ireland, its tales and histories, Lever and Lover, whom I have read and laughed over, come up before me; Nell's blue, wistful eyes beckon me to her clearer still; and I finish my notes. Aunt Charlotte's is four pages, loving, apologetic, refusing; Nell's a few lines: "I shall leave for Dunger next week; expect a wire from Queens-town." I take them to my mother; she has left the decision to myself, and now she approves. The letters are posted and I go on my way rejoicing and preparing.

It seems but a day later when they all see me on board a Cunard steamer. Father has some friends going to the Riviera for the winter, and they take me in charge. It is my first trip on the ocean, and for a girl but six months from the school-room it is perfect bliss. How I enjoy everything! and it seems no time before the spires of Queenstown Cathedral, far up on the hill, loom above the water.

It is in the early September morning, and my heart goes upwards with a glad cry, for I am in a Catholic country. The cross is the first view I had of "Faithful Ireland"; it shines out over the harbor gloriously suggestive of the trials and victories of those brave children of St. Patrick. The bay is full of life ruddy with the morning sun, the houses rise tier upon tier, crowned far above by the cathedral towers. I am put off on the tender and find myself on Irish soil; soft and mellifluous fall on my ear that never-to-be-forgotten brogue. Every one looks so bright and friendly that I feel as if I knew them all. We take the boat for Cork, and the trip up the Lee is charming. It is one uninterrupted scene of natural beauties; fine woods in their autumn tints grow down to the water's side. Slowly we steal into the "beautiful city," with its bells of Shandon and its historic landmarks. Very handsome it looks running up the sides of a great hill backed by luxuriant woods.

We leave it behind and come on Blarney Castle, standing in the midst of an open field; a little chattering brook wanders at its base and some cows stand idly beneath its walls.

This is all I see as the train tears past on our way to Ireland's premier county, golden-veined Tipperary. Through the long day we flash past streams, woods, castle, tower and mansion. It is like one verdant garden, such green fields as my eyes have never fathomed before. Our bleak American fences are here replaced by picturesque stone walls covered by moss with ferns and bushes growing on the top. I never tire of looking, it is all so new and lovely. We have a short stay at Limerick, the city of the "broken treaty," and I think of "the women who fought before the men," and "the men who were a match for ten," and of brave, noble Sarahfield.

The sun is preparing for slumber, and I begin to think of Nell awaiting me at the end of the journey and how she will look. The hour of our meeting is at hand, and after some panting and wobbling over a rough, hilly road, the train pulls up slowly and I jump out. It is a little wayside station, clean and fresh; a pretty garden a mass of bloom, and walls smothered in rollicking scarlet runners, are the first things I see. The porter comes and tugs out my trunks. I look around in vain for Nell; it is growing dark and I get a little anxious. The porter asks if I do not expect some one, and I reply by inquiring if the Dunger carriage is not waiting. He goes to see, but returns with a disappointing negative. I am like Imogen, "past hope and in despair," and the good-natured fellow brings me to the station-master and we hold a council of war.

In the office, sending off some flowers, is a lady, bright, winsome, matronly. She hears our discussion and that I telegraphed Mrs. Fortescue I would arrive by this train. Then I learn, to my dismay, my wire came but a short time before myself, and that the messenger has just started on his seven miles to Dunger. If my expressive countenance shows all that I feel, I must look very mournful, for as I raise my eyes from solving problems on the floor they fall on a sweet, womanly face smiling kindly at me. A figure advances, a soft hand is laid on my shoulder, grey eyes look pleasantly into my troubled ones, and a rich, musical voice says: "You cannot be Dorothy, whom we are all expecting from New York? Mrs. Fortescue came over with the news yesterday that you had consented to come." My face changes like a flash from grave to gay, a light breaks through the darkness. "You will come with me to Dunger, dear; I pass the

gates and we can start at once." The station-master looks almost as pleased as I, and we go out to the road, where a handsome pony and phaeton stand awaiting us. An old coachman puts us in with the greatest care—he mounts the box, and we are off.

The stars came out brightly; my old friend, Orion, looks down as familiarly as when last I saw him off Sandy Hook. We chatter away as if we had known each other for years. To think of meeting "Aunt Eva" the first seems like my usual good fortune. Mrs. Desmond is Nell's neighbor, and now her almost-mother. She is the kindest, dearest, wittiest woman in the world. She looks Nell under her protection when she came to Dunger a bride, a stranger in a strange country, smoothed difficulties, cheered and helped in moments of trial; and warm-hearted Nell gave back all her loyal, devoted affection in return. Mrs. Desmond has no children of her own, but her large sympathies and heart are open to other people's; she has numerous nieces and nephews, and, indeed, she is "Aunt Eva" to every one who knows her—for to know her is to love her. Through Nell's letters Aunt Eva and I have sent many messages across the Atlantic. Nell thought we were so congenial, and we certainly are beginning

gloriously. How I talk! and more, how I laugh! She tells me many funny stories about her people, but warns me I must prepare to have my Lever and Lover ideas vanish like smoke. Ireland is not at all what novels and the stage show it; and from my preconceived notions, learned from such sources, she is glad that I see the Emerald Isle as it really is. We drive past thatched cottages, the open doors showing the pleasant turf fires burning on the wide hearths. It is my first sight of what I always wanted to see, and I ask Aunt Eva a whole string of questions about it. She promises to bring me to a bog as soon as I care during the week, and I am satisfied.

The moon shines out a brilliant welcome as we turn in the lodge gates and trot up the great lime avenue. We climb a hill and far above I see the lights from the grand old house. The pony comes to a stand before the deep stone steps and the door is flung wide open. I catch a glimpse of an immense hall, antlers, a winding handsome staircase, and the next moment I stand beneath Nell's roof-tree. Evidently my telegram has not come—no one expects me. The servant greets Aunt Eva as if she were glad to see her, and is bringing her to Nell, when I hear her voice in the distance, and the well-known step comes joyously as in the old days to me. I glide into a deep recess, give Aunt Eva, whose eyes are brimming with mischief, a warning look, and await the *dénoûment*. Nell comes, lovely and radiant as ever; she is dressed for dinner, and all my old pride and affection for my Nell is intensified as I see her greet my new-found friend as she would mother. She puts her arm through hers to lead her away as she says: "I heard the pony, and I knew you were coming, and, fearing you would not stay, I ran down to catch you. Has Kathleen come?" "No," is the answer; "but," smiling quizzically, "some one else has, that I fear will be a worry and distraction to us all; you would never guess who." Nell looks surprised, and her face grows a tiny bit long. "Some one whom we shall all be at a loss to know what to do with," goes on Aunt Eva, now waxing solemn: "who says dreadful things, and thinks worse of us. In fact—" Nell looks puzzled. Aunt Eva woe-begone, when she looks round cautiously and breaks off abruptly, seeing my irate countenance. She cannot keep serious any longer, so ends with "Come and let me introduce you." I dash out with "Nell! Nell! here I am. You will know what to do with me." She does; she stands astonished, then opens wide her arms and gives me a welcome worth coming across the Atlantic to get. We meet as we parted; loyal and loving.

It is a whole week later, and I have learned many things meanwhile, even if two of the seven days are spent in bed. I have written home reams and quires of all my adventures and impressions. Irish country life, with Nell, her handsome, buoyant, clever Kevin, old family retainers, picturesque medieval Dunger is already dear to my soul. I have been out all the morning on the hills, holding animated conversations with every man, woman, and child I meet, and lose my heart to every urchin on the way. Where do those little Irish lads and lassies get their laughing eyes and bonnie blushes?

It is now four o'clock and Nell and I are having one of our never-ending chats; she is laughing gayly in her old way over some of my experiences of the morning when Aunt Eva comes driving up to the open window. She and Nell are going to see some mutual friends, and I am to be introduced to a bog on the way if, Aunt Eva adds, I promise to be a good girl. I do solemnly, and Nell takes the ribbons and we start.

After an hour's drive down the hills we come on a wide, level expanse, somewhat like a prairie, lying on either side of the narrow, white country road. This is the bog! The monotony is broken by a fringe of heather and pines, which seem to flourish in the vicinity. I am disappointed, and cannot believe that this dreary, bleak outlook is the delightful turf-fire in embryo. I ask Aunt Eva how the development is accomplished. She smiles at my first illusion dispelled as she tells me how:

"Late in the spring, or early in the summer, the bogs become quite lively; the men arrive to cut the brown, yielding soil in immense blocks three or four feet deep. This is called 'cutting the turf.' Later on the women and boys arrive on the scene, adding life and brightness to the work for 'footing the turf.' The blocks are spread out and trodden under foot to harden them before cutting into the prescribed shapes, namely, about the size and form of bricks. The turf, if good, is very hard and black; if of inferior kind, loose, light brown, and spongy. It is then piled up on the bog in small heaps or 'clamps' and left for weeks to dry before fit for the fire. Should the weather be fine the work on the bog is pleasant and healthy, but unfortunately Ireland, like all beauties, is 'fond of pouting, and she weeps so often that her sons and daughters are fain to be ever in smiles and laughter as an offset to her tears. Rain or shine, the fun

and jokes echo across the bog, for who deluge could drown Irish spirits, especially of the poor?"

Aunt Eva adds pathetically: "Merrily the footing goes through the day; old and young are one in heart—for the gay heart is always young. Should any one have crochets, or be what you Americans call a crank, woe betide him on a bog! The Crimean veteran, with marvellous tales of his prowess at Alma and Inkerman, comes in for a fair share of the rally."

We are passing the gate leading to the bog now; the people are at work, and I gaze so wistfully at them that Aunt Eva proposes I should run in and look at the "clamps." Nell pulls up and laughingly gives us five minutes. I am delighted, and walk over the brown, springy soil to receive a warm welcome from the workers. They all know Aunt Eva, and when she tells them I am all the way from New York and want to see the turf, they are very much interested. To them New York is but another Ireland, and they look on me as coming from their kith and kin, and tears start to their eyes thinking of their hearts' treasures far over the water. I shake hands with them all, and take them to my heart as their kindly "God bless you, miss!" and "May the Lord spare you long among us!" welcome me in their midst. Old Corporal Casey presents me with a sod of turf to see what it is like. I take it gratefully, and—well it is to-day one of my most treasured relics of the Emerald Isle. It is nice to be loved by the poor, and if anyone is so blest it is Aunt Eva; they gather round her with almost reverence. Even in the few moments we are on the bog she has time to say kind things to every one. A question about the sick, a smile, a word of praise or encouragement, and we are away, leaving sunshine and happiness as a souvenir of her visit. The colored shawls, bright kerchiefs, short skirts of the women, their blue eyes and dark hair; but above all, their soft, sweet, delicious brogue, never more beguiling than when teasing, are my cherished memories of an Irish bog.

It is now time to stop work, and horse, mule, and donkey, which have been tethered to their carts on the roadside, are brought into requisition, and in loaded cars the workers go homewards. Songs enliven the journey, and they come into the village greeted with cheery "Good evening, boys! Good evening, girls!" "God bless ye all!" from the neighbors as they pass. Meanwhile we have driven on our way, and we part on the village street: Nell and Aunt Eva are to call at Shanbally and Killester, while I beg to be let go for the letters and stroll around in search of adventures.

They let me off, and we agree to meet later on at the chapel. I am coming out of the post-office when I come on a scene that I shall never forget. An old fiddler has strolled into the village and is playing from house to house. The music is remarkably good, and he is in the middle of the *Colin* when the workers get in from the bog and join the crowd around him. The old man knows what will please them, and without a moment's pause he strikes up "Charming Judy Callaghan." It is soul-stirring! The men become excited and keep time with their feet to the music. One woman with her turf-basket across her shoulder is a study, her bright eyes dancing in unison to the tune. It is Mary Shea, a poor, hard-working widow, with six small children to support. The old air seems to bring back her happy girlhood, with its life and joy. A voice cries out: "Arrah, girls are ye going to let that fine music go for nothing?" The crowd with one accord call for Mary Shea, the "best dancer in the parish." Back hangs Mary, fearing she will be seen. Faster and faster goes "Charming Judy"; the voice rings out again, "Where is Mary Shea?" She must give us a few steps. A break in the crowd reveals poor Mary, and she is captured and on the "floor." In a second the crowd moves back, eager, expectant; Mary looks imploringly at her friend Kitty Tyrrell, and she comes to the rescue. The women meet in the middle of the road, their baskets thrown aside, and the dance begins. With joined hands they advance up the middle, then back and take their places, *ris-a-ris*; retreating, backing, swaying light and graceful, the steps fall on the hard road, not a note lost, not a bar omitted; note and step fall on the ear simultaneously. Nothing could be more beautiful, modest, womanly, than that Irish jig in the village street. There is a buoyancy, joyousness in it that no working in a bog all day, living on potatoes and milk, and sleeping on a straw bed at night, could put into her feet; and oh! what tired ones they must often be. "Musha, more power to ye, girls!" "May the Lord spare ye the health!" "God bless you, Mary!" broke from the audience as the dancers joined hands again and made their bow to each other, still on time to the last bars of inspiring "Charming Judy Callaghan."

The great day has come for the "drawing home the turf." One farmer names his day, and each neighbor sends a horse and man to help. From early morning till night successive "creels" and "kishes" of turf arrive at the farm from the bog. The turf is built along the wall in one immense "clamp," sod upon sod making the three sides, the stone wall the fourth. The clamp rises thirteen or fourteen feet in height, tapering to the top, and when finished is quite an ornament to the farmyard. At night, when all is over, the boys celebrate the homecoming by a dance in the barn. In the great old flagged kitchen the tables are set for the guests; up the wide chimney the new fire is proclaiming its excellence. The beautiful, peculiar blue smoke curls upwards, the turf looks like so many black bricks, one over the other, blazing with a light, pleasant flame. A strong iron bar runs across the chimney, from which the pots are suspended. The old people sit round the fire, its cheerful ruddy glow falling softly on their white hair and furrowed cheeks. The scene recalls other days, and old stories are told and old hearts grow young, and they live once more in the "Auld Lang Syne" when they too danced and sang at the "drawing home of the turf."

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

— Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. —

PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIERNE, ROUEN, FRANCE. — R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

NEW YORK FIRE BRIGADE.

The qualifications necessary to become a Fireman—A well arranged programme.

An American Magazine for boys gives the following interesting details about the New York fire brigade, in answer to an enquiry from a correspondent who was desirous of joining its ranks.

To obtain an appointment to the ranks of the fire department of New York city you must apply to the civil service board in the Criminal Court building, where blanks will be furnished you. It will take at least two months and sometimes more after application before you will be summoned to undergo the physical examination. This latter is exceedingly rigid in every particular, and you will need to be an almost perfect specimen of physical manhood to hope to pass.

An applicant must have passed his twenty-first birthday, be at least five feet seven inches in height, and weigh not less than one hundred and thirty-five pounds. The smallest chest measurement allowable is thirty four inches.

About two months after the physical examination the mental examination takes place. This consists of reading, writing, local geography and arithmetic, and a good knowledge of all these branches is essential. To pass, an applicant must answer at least seventy per cent. of the questions correctly.

After both examinations have been successfully undergone, the candidate is placed on the eligible list until a vacancy shall occur.

It is not generally known, but in all the large cities there are regular training schools where applicants are carefully drilled in the art of handling fire and saving lives. The one in New York is situated at 157 East Sixty seventh street, the headquarters of the department. Captain H. W. McAdams is the instructor, and to him are brought all applicants for admission to the department.

The men are trained in the use of the scaling ladder, in the "standing-on-sill," the "swinging-from window-to-window" drill, how to send and use the life line, how to jump in case of necessity, and how to hold the drop net.

When an applicant has been declared proficient in the exercises mentioned, he is formally mustered into the department and waits for promotion at a salary of \$1,000 a year.

There are nearly 1,300 men in the New York fire department, divided into sixty-three engine companies and twenty-two hook and ladder companies. The several grades of the service are chief, deputy chief, chief of battalion, foreman or captain, assistant foreman or lieutenant, engineer and firemen of the first, second and third grades. Three years of service advance a fireman from the third to the first grade and increase his annual salary from \$1,000 to \$1,400. There are two deputy chiefs, each with an annual salary of \$4,300, and six chiefs of battalion, each receiving \$3,300 a year. A chief of battalion has under his supervision six companies, each composed of two officers and ten men. The annual salary of a captain is \$2,160, of a lieutenant \$1,800, and of an engineer \$1,600. The chief of the department is paid \$5,000 a year.

At the end of twenty years of service, a fireman, if he so desires, may be retired on half pay for life.

In case of death, by accident or otherwise, the widow or nearest of kin receives \$1,000 and a pension of \$25 a month.

As to the daily life of a fireman, each man is on duty twenty-one hours a day, with three hours off for meals, and twenty-four hours' leave of absence three times a month. A vacation of ten days is also given to each man during the summer months. One man keeps "house watch" from six o'clock in the evening until midnight, when he is relieved by two comrades, who remain on watch until six o'clock in the morning. The daily examination and roll call take place at 8 a.m., when all the men appear in full uniform.

When the alarm gong sounds, it is the duty of every man to be out of bed, dressed, down the pole, which connects the dormitory with the ground floor, and at his post on the apparatus within ten seconds from the first stroke of the gong; but as a rule, so perfect is the discipline maintained that, before the time limit expires, each man is in his place, every horse is hitched, and everything is in readiness for a start.

I need not dwell upon the dangers of a fireman's life, and the magnificent bravery they are called upon to display. The men are a splendid body physically and mentally, and the vocation is a most worthy one, deserving and receiving the deepest respect from all classes of citizens.

A PROBABLE IRISH CARDINAL.

The Catholic Record says the rumors at present floating about in Vatican circles would point to the strong probability

ity of there being another Irish prelate in the Sacred College before long. It was at first rumored that one of the two created in petto at the last consistory was His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Metropolitan of the Leinster province, but this gave place to another name subsequently. Now, again, the rumor is revived, and this time with somewhat more assurance, at least, of the nationality than of the person. But these rumors often float about without there being the least ground for them, and, therefore, one must at all times receive them with the accustomed grain of salt. At any rate, if the hint should turn out to be true, all will rejoice in Ireland's representation in the college, though it would be nothing more than she deserves.

THE POPULAR VOTE.

The Official Returns of the General Elections.

The official returns of the result of the general elections of the 23rd of June are now prepared. The number of names on the voters' lists was 1,353,735, the total number of votes polled was 890,711. The total vote polled was: Conservative, 413,006; Liberal, 397,194; Independent, 80,511, and by Provinces was as follows:

	Con.	Lib.	Ind.
Ontario.....	191,052	166,335	62,639
Quebec.....	98,980	113,878	3,725
Nova Scotia.....	50,772	43,186	737
New Brunswick.....	31,600	28,368	5,892
Prince E. Island.....	9,157	9,194	321
Manitoba.....	15,459	11,519	5,906
Br. Columbia.....	8,174	8,321	1,067
North W. Ter.....	7,812	9,693	284
	413,006	397,194	80,511

The number of names on the list and the number of votes polled by provinces are as follows:

Ontario.....	650,021	420,026
Quebec.....	351,076	216,583
Nova Scotia.....	111,124	100,646
New Brunswick.....	91,087	66,300
P. E. I.....	25,245	18,672
Manitoba.....	65,684	32,884
British Columbia.....	38,010	17,762
N. W. Territories.....	20,878	17,789
	1,353,735	890,711

WHERE A STRIKE IS DIFFICULT.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The custom of kindness has been found to work so well in private life between the employer and the employed that one is inclined to question why it is not more generally adopted in public life, where great bodies of employes, becoming dissatisfied, occasion disturbances and disorders that are an injury to themselves and to their employers, and an immense inconvenience to the public. Would it not be better if some sort of bond of personal union existed between the parties furnishing the moneyed capital and the muscular capital, seeing that neither can get along without the other—if, in the one case, the need were not treated as an inexhaustible fountain of hands, but a little more as souls?

In many of the immense establishments this must be difficult; but it is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility, as here and there an experience has proved. But in the best shops and factories such a thing is perfectly practicable. It seems strange that we should have the best example of this from a country that we are not wont to think of as in the vanguard of progress. In the town of Malaga, in Spain, is a mill employing about two thousand hands, and owned and operated for more than a generation by the Marquis of Guadario, who has lately died. During forty years there has never been heard in this mill, we are told, a murmur of general discontent; and that not because wages have been more, hours of labor less, or a superior class of people has been employed to that in other like places; but because a personal bond of union has been created through the effort of the mill-owner to promote the comfort of each of the men and women and children in his service there, and to regard every individual as a fellow-being, with feelings and wants and capabilities to be considered, remembering that it was the life of these people that was being treated, and not an episode in their lives.

In this instance, when any of the work-people were ill, a physician was sent and medicines were provided, and the wages were continued during illness as if nothing had happened; and in cases where funeral expenses would have been too great a burden, such expenses were paid. At marriage every one was

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS:

"In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

Such a case does not require that an employer should know all his people by face or name. It merely obliges him to recognize a common humanity. But when the politician can make himself acquainted with as many and more names and faces, it does not seem so difficult a thing to be done for better reasons than the politician has; and the personal recognition goes a great way towards keeping peace and friendship, and giving the one so recognized by one whom he considers his superior a feeling of belonging not to a machine, but to a community, a neighborhood, or almost, as one might say, to a family, certainly to an enterprise. Apart from the righteousness of such a course, the wife and daughters of an employer may render him immeasurable service in this way, as many politicians' wives and daughters expect to do; and by their personal recognition and occasional expression of interest, without patronage or condescension, they can make the feeling of the employes that not of mere hirelings, but of friends, not too quick to take offence and suspect injury.

Relief for Lung Troubles

The D.P. EMULSION

IN CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of the "D. P." Emulsion, I have got rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I thank this Emulsion so much, I was glad when the time came around to take it.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal

50c. and \$1 per Bottle

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL

WE SELL Rutland Stove Lining

IT FITS ANY STOVE.

GEO. W. REED, AGENT.

783 & 785 CRAIG STREET.

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDER! GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS: Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane. TELEPHONE 130.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HAVING FOUND HEALTH HE POINTS THE WAY TO OTHERS.

THIS ADVICE WAS ACTED UPON BY A MR. MILES PETTIT, OF WELLINGTON, WHO, AS A RESULT, NOW REJOICES IN RENEWED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

From the Picton Times.

Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old subscriber to one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious and long continued illness, and was delighted to see that he had been restored to health. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pettit promptly and emphatically replied "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it."



years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and pricking, which continued to get worse and worse, until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out, and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best of medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby, of Picton, was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was one of the many who had found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made enquiry as to who he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Friend, you look a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I know from experience what virtue there is in them and I am satisfied they will cure you." Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so earnestly, that he concluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to the directions which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent, for it is now fully a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he would have become utterly helpless had it not been for this wonderful, health restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease, due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, which, for the sake of extra profit to himself, he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

LIFE LINES ON THE FOOT.

SECRETS THEY REVEAL TO THE STURDIEST OF CHARACTER.

There is a man in Philadelphia who claims that it is much easier to read one's character and past and future from the maps on the soles of one's feet than it is from the palms of the hands. He calls it "pedalogy."

The pedalogist, while refusing to tell the names of the owners of the feet in most cases, showed a number of diagrams the other day and explained to a reporter how he read the fortunes of the soles. "Maxine Elliott," he said, "is a public character, and I do not mind mentioning her name. Here is her story. Look at it. It's worth studying, for she is not the only one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, but it is remarkable in other ways. Her foot is so beautifully arched that little of her sole touched the paper when she placed her foot upon it. The intellectual and artistic lines are very clearly defined on her foot, and one need but see and hear Miss Elliott speak for a few moments to realize that her artistic and mental capabilities are of a high order. The lines of intuition and imagination are both remarkably long. The cross between the line of love and the head line indicates that in a love affair Miss Elliott would be governed largely by reason. She has strong affections, according to the long heart line."

A contrast to Miss Elliott's foot was that of a factory girl from Kensington.

This was a foot common to people of little education. There was scarcely any instep to the foot. The lines of imagination, mental capacities and intuition were very short, and the artistic line was entirely lacking. The heart and love lines were well defined and long. The lines also indicated firmness and great ambition, with a decided fondness for pleasure, so the pedalogist explained.

Still another foot was that of a society girl. Here again was the high arch. It showed, among other things, that she did not have to stand on her feet, as did the poor factory girl. The lines told of her having less heart and less ambition than the factory girl too. There were selfishness and vanity in the impression. It seemed well that silk stockings and dainty shoes usually kept it from the sight of those who would read its owner's character in the soles of that foot.

There was the foot of the preacher and the policeman and the lawyer, and each seemed to tell a story in keeping with its owner's vocation and habits. Last of all came the print of the man about town. There was no arch there. It had come down "flat footed." It looked as if it was used mostly in walking up and down a fashionable street and standing about the club. It had good nature and self-satisfaction, some generosity and some brains in it, but little ambition.—Philadelphia Press.

SPLITTING LEGAL HAIRS.

TALE BY A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER WHICH WOULD PUZZLE ONE TO DECIDE.

This is an after dinner story told by a well known lawyer, illustrative of legal difficulties that may arise even in the carrying out of the most amicable contracts:—

There was once four brothers, who had inherited a storage warehouse from their father and who equally divided the property among them. Among the appurtenances thereto was a cat, a fine animal, excellent for mousing, and this, too, was divided, the elder brother owning the right front quarter, the second brother the left front quarter and the younger brothers the two hind quarters. Now, unfortunately, the cat in one of its nocturnal prowls injured the right front paw, and the elder brother attended to that portion of his property by binding the injured member with a greased rag. The cat, thankful for this relief to its suffering, went to sleep contentedly before the fire, but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag, and the animal, howling with agony, dashed through the warehouse, and, coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out, the three younger brothers wished to throw it all upon the elder, upon the ground that had he not tied up his part of the cat with the inflammable rag the building would not have been destroyed. He, on the contrary, contended that had the cat only been possessed of the front right paw—his property—it would have stood still and burned to death. It was the three other paws that caused the damage. The brothers argued the case until they died, but could never reach an agreement.—Philadelphia Record.

THE FOOD OF WHALES.

The food of whales has long been known to consist of minute sea crustacea. Mr. Gray was familiar not only with the whale's food, but observed its manner of feeding and the way in which it took its nap "after meals." "No doubt," he wrote, "whales are very particular in the quality of their food, for they are never to be found feeding where the water is dirty, but always invariably in clean, clear, dark-blue or light olive-green water. The usual way in which a whale feeds is to choose a spot where the feed is plentiful and swim backward and forward for 200 or 300 yards, with the nose just under water. They invariably swim from one side of the head back again to where they started from with their mouths open. They then close their jaws and swallow the food caught. They will go on in this way feeding for an hour or more; after this they will disappear under the nearest ice and sleep there until they come out for exercise or for another meal. Unlike other warm-blooded animals, they do not require to breathe through their nostrils while asleep and they do not do so. Whales can sleep as well under water as they do upon the surface, as I have often seen them disappear under solid ice and remain there for many hours at a time. Sometimes they fall asleep with their heads down and only their tails standing out of the water."—The Spectator.

SURE TO WIN.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Mr. S. N. D. North, writing in the Quarterly Journal of Economics, reviews the arguments advanced for and against state boards of arbitration in labor disputes. We quote his closing paragraph:—

"In conclusion, I cannot escape the conviction in respect to labor disputes, as in respect to a thousand other matters where artificial remedies are sought by adding to the enormous mass of laws that now burden the statute books, that this is one of the questions that should be left to work out its own solution by natural evolution. There is every justification for this view in the fact that from day to day all over the manufacturing states, the adjustment of wage disputes is taking place in the quiet seclusion of the business office, shut out from the world at large, where master and man meet as equals, learn from each other the exact conditions under which work is going on, and ascertain the best terms that those conditions will permit

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

either to expect. For every outbreak that actually occurs a thousand differences are amicably adjusted. Progress in this direction is unrecognized, because it is unknown. The intervention of the state may not have retarded that progress—that is a question upon which men may fairly differ—but that it has accelerated it I can find no reason for believing."

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER



ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

ABOUT WRAPS AND CAPES.

NEW DESIGNS AND NEW MATERIALS FOR FINER MAKE-UP.

It is a pretty idea to have a very smart mantle or cape to wear occasionally. Such a wrap brightens up the plainest of costumes and by its use one's appearance may be made very elegant indeed. The new capes are largely of mousseline de soie, falling in boucles about the cape material or used in some other equally effective manner. Brilliant, too, add to their appearance, making them sparkle in the most approved fashion.

A very fetching design is of ruby velvet, embroidered in front with gold and brilliants. The velvet is arranged in points and these points are outlined with a deep pleating of mousseline de soie. Ribbon bows adorn the shoulders and ribbon is traced from the back to tie in a long bow at the waist in front. Another charming collet is entirely of pleating of black and white chiffon, with stole-like ends of black satin, falling almost to the feet. One less elaborate is of pleated black mousseline de soie, partly concealed by tabs of white satin. These tabs are embroidered in jet and brilliants. A heavy ruche of the mousseline finishes the neck in a most entrancing manner.—Boston Post.

CANDY-EATING.

In this day, when the laws of health are understood, as they were not fifty years ago, people inveigh in voice and print against the evils of candy-eating; and children, hearing the protest, feel their little hearts sink within them. It is natural for the babies to love sugar plums, and it is the abuse, not the use, of sweets that is reprehensible. One man with a superb digestion and a normal appetite says he has always made it his custom to eat several pieces of candy after his noonday meal, and that he has never felt any evil effects from the practice. A little sweet following a meal will not harm a healthy child, but the mother must judge as to the quality and quantity. She may keep on hand a box of simple peppermints or plain chocolates, and after dinner give to the little one as many as she deems prudent. The stomach often craves, and usually digests readily, sweets after a hearty meal. The pernicious habit of allowing children to purchase candy galore and eat it ad libitum is what ruins stomachs, perverts the appetite and destroys the teeth. Until the child is old enough to discriminate and exercise self-control, the mother must choose for him. But in exercising this right she must try not to carry it to an unreasonable extent, and deny her little one that which used judicially will not harm him, and which forms one of the chief treats of childhood. The words "candy" and "ice-cream" convey to the childish mind depths of bliss, such as a grown woman can scarcely conceive of. Let not us, who have passed that happy stage when the sight of a bonbon caused a thrill of delight, deny too rigorously to our little ones the simple sweets of life.

A LITTLE MONEY.

While the avenues for wage-earning by women have wonderfully increased in the last years, and in numerous instances financial enterprises are successfully carried on by women, it remains true, and ever will, that a large class of wives, not to mention daughters, handle very little money. For these women are not supposed to be needy; they are generally placed in comfortable homes, with tasteful ward robes, bountifully spread tables, and the casual observer, no apparent lack in their surroundings. But the house-

mother knows how many times she reckons over the household supplies to see what article can be left unthought.

It is little money which causes so many women to haunt the bargain counter, to the derision of husbands, who are sublimely unconscious of their wives' slender purses. It gives interminable shopping in the search from store to store to find the best article for scanty means. And these vexations are not the worst which come to her with little money. She must bear with what grace she can imputations upon her taste when she selects perforce some cheap common thing in preference to the more elegant one which a beauty-loving nature may cry out for. She must often curb with a stern hand her natural generosity of spirit, and forbear giving to the friend or cause she loves, or at most strive to content herself with a meagre, almost shabby token.

"I never have had enough money with which to run my household comfortably. I have had to plan and contrive in order to get something out of every cent in the dollar," said one, considered a fine house wife and manager (and she was), who lived in fine style in a handsome mansion.

It brings lines all too soon to women's faces, and gives to many eyes an all too wistful expression. But it also helps to develop valuable qualities which in a state of more abundance some women would never have shown. It sharpens invention, ingenuity, and carefulness, and like many a disagreeable thing in life, teaches patience and self-denial.—Harper's Bazar.

COOKING RECIPES.

ITALIAN PASTE.

Macaroni, which comes in several several sizes, may be procured at almost any grocery; it is cheap (15 to 18 cents a pound) and may be cooked in a variety of ways. It is both palatable and nutritious, and is useful in that it may be kept in the house for some time without deterioration, and will serve when other things are lacking.

TO BOIL MACARONI.

Cover with plenty of boiling water, to which a teaspoonful of salt for every quart has been added. If the flavor of onion is liked, a peeled onion may be put in the pot with it, leaving it whole. It should be tender in about twenty minutes. Test by pressing between the fingers; if it yields easily it is done, and must not be boiled too soft. If more has been cooked than is wanted, drain, rinse and lay in cold water, with a little salt, and it will keep for several days if the water is changed daily.

SALMON SOUP.

Remove the oil, bones and skin from half a can of salmon. Chop fine. Cook one slice of onion in one quart of milk. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on the hot milk. Add one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of pepper and the salmon. Rub through a sieve and serve. First put the milk on to boil with a small slice of raw onion. Have the salmon chopped as fine as possible. Some doubt was expressed about salmon making a good soup, but when it was served the doubt had vanished. Haddock, cod, or any kind of fish may be used, but salmon is considered the best for flavoring. French peas may be added, if one likes, and are quite an improvement.

FRIVOLOUS FASHIONS.

Linen gowns have been so much reduced in price that they are now as much within purse reach as the shirt waist.

Large leghorn hats still retain their old and popular favor. When artistically trimmed nothing is so airy or becoming to the summer girl.

A very good idea is to have several sets of ribbons for one gown, as changing the ribbons will make it look like a different gown each time.

The little fur neck scarfs that women used to wear even in summer have been sensibly abandoned.

The most popular midsummer wrap is the box cloth cape, short to the waist, putty tinted and lined with white satin. This small arrangement seems to be just enough for an emergency of wind and not too much for fair weather.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The New York Sun, in giving an explanation of the meaning of 16 to 1, says:—

"They are figures of weight. By the Mint act of 1834, which, except as regards silver dollars, is still in force, every owner of gold bullion and of silver bullion was permitted to take it to the Mint in unlimited quantities and have it coined, free of expense, except for refining and for the alloy used, into silver dollars and gold eagles and fractions of an eagle, at the rate of sixteen times as many dollars for a given weight of gold as for an equal weight of silver. That is to say, while 23.22 grains of pure gold went to the dollar in gold, 371.24 grains of pure silver were required for a silver dollar. With the alloy added it took 25.8 grains of standard of gold for the dollar in gold, and 412.4 grains of standard silver for the silver dollar. The provision of this law, as to silver, was repealed in 1873, and this provision the silverites now demand to have re-enacted.

"As a matter of fact, an ounce of silver was worth in the markets of the

world, from 1834 to 1873, more than one-sixteenth of an ounce of gold, the value in Europe being at the rate of 154 to 1. Consequently, our silver coin was exported as fast as it was coined, and in 1853 small change had become so scarce that Congress authorized silver halves and quarters of a dollar, to be coined, on Government account exclusively, of less weight than the proportionate parts of a full dollar, so that two halves and four quarters contained only 384 grains of standard silver instead of 412.4 grains.

"At the present moment the market value of silver bullion relatively to that of gold bullion is as about 31 to 1. That is to say, one ounce of gold is exchangeable in the market for 31 ounces of silver. Hence, if the law of 1834 relating to silver were re-enacted, the dollar would sink in value very nearly one-half, because under free and unlimited coinage, silver coin would be worth no more than silver bullion. The reason that the silver dollars now in circulation remain equal in value to dollars in gold is that the quantity of them is limited, and they are received by the Government on the same footing as gold in payment of duties and taxes."

YOU AND YOUR GRANDFATHER

Are removed from each other by a span of many years. He travelled in a slow going stage-coach while you take the lightning express or the electric car. When he was sick he was treated by old fashioned methods and given old fashioned medicines, but you demand modern ideas in medicines as well as in everything else. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine of today. It is prepared by modern methods and its preparation are brought the skill and knowledge of modern science. Hood's Sarsaparilla acts promptly upon the blood and by making pure, rich blood it cures disease and establishes good health.

A GOOD CHANCE.

Wanted—An editor who can read, write and argue politics, and at the same time be religious, funny, scientific and historical at will; write to please everybody; know all that is going on without seeing or being told; also having something good to say about somebody else, live on wind and make more money than enemies. For such a man a good opening will be made—in the graveyard.

THE BICYCLE.

The United States Woman's Rescue League, of which Mrs. Charlotte Smith is the President, has adopted a series of anti-bicycle resolutions, which declare, among other things, that for women wheeling is physically and morally dangerous, indecent and vulgar, ending with the declaration that a "bicycle run for Christ" is in reality a "bicycle run for Satan," and that the bicycle is the "devil's advance agent, morally and physically, in thousands of instances."

"Did you succeed in borrowing that \$10 from Thomas?"

"No. But I want to say that he is a mighty fine fellow, Thomas is. He didn't let me have the money, but he thanked me most effusively for having done him the honor to ask him."—Indianaapolis Journal.

This is the fast age when men live twenty years in ten and are old at forty. Mark the number of "grey young" business men you meet every day. Nature, however, is always at hand to remedy the defects of a false civilization, and offers Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer to bring hair to its original color. Sold by all chemists.

Railway Time Tables.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

Leave Windsor Street Station for Boston, 9:00 a.m., \$4.20 p.m. Portland, 9:00 a.m., 12:20 p.m. New York, 8:10 a.m., 1:45 p.m. Toronto, Detroit, 8:20 a.m., 2:00 p.m. Ottawa, Montreal, 8:30 a.m., 1:10 p.m. Winnipeg and Vancouver, 8:50 a.m. St. Anne's, Vancouver, etc., 8:20 a.m., 1:30 p.m. St. Agathe and Lethbridge, 5:30 p.m., 9:00 p.m. St. John's—8:00 a.m., 1:05 p.m., 6:20 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for Quebec, 8:10 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5:15 p.m. St. Paul, Montreal, 8:30 a.m., 6:05 p.m. St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5:30 p.m. St. Jerome, 8:30 a.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:30 p.m. St. Agathe and Lethbridge, 5:30 p.m. St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8:30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.; Saturday, 1:45 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.

CITY TICKET and TELEGRAPH Office, 129 St. James st., next to Post Office.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Readers will help the TRUE WITNESS materially by dealing with those who advertise in its columns. The Catholic population of Montreal should patronize those who lend aid in building up the business of their favorite paper.

Have You Tried STEWART'S English Breakfast Tea At 35c per lb. IF NOT DO SO. D. STEWART & CO., Cor. St. Catherine & Mackay Streets TELEPHONE No. 3835.

Drugs and Perfumery. TRY A BOTTLE OF GRAY'S EFFERVESCENT Bromide of Soda and Caffeine. Calms the nerves and removes headache. Students, non-vivants and neuralgic people will find it invaluable. 50 Cents Bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Main Street. P.S.—A large assortment of fashionable perfumery and toilet soaps always on hand.

Business Cards. LEGALLEE BROS. General Engravers. ENGRAVED BRASS SIGNS White Enamel Letters. METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS. Sole Agents in Province Quebec for Cook's Pat. Stamp Cushion, 674 Jacques-Cartier Street. BELL TELEPHONE 2458.

P. A. MILLOY, MANUFACTURER OF GINGER ALE, GINGER POP, GINGER BEER, CREAM SODA, PLAIN SODA, CIDERINE. Sole Agent for Plantagenet Waters 119, 121 ST. ANDRE ST. TELEPHONE 6078.

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker, Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First Class Securities, suitable for Trust Funds, always on hand. 1724 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

M. HICKS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL. Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

LORGE & CO., HATTER AND FURRIER, 81 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians. Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Sheet Ironworkers. 708 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation specialty. Charges Moderate. Telephone 1884.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 645 Dorchester St., East of Bligny Office, 647 MONTREAL.

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YONGE AND WILLIAM STREET TELEPHONE 2895.

Professional Cards. M. J. DOHERTY, Accountant and Commissioner INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. Money to Lend! No. 8, FOURTH FLOOR. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS.

C. A. McDONNELL, ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE, 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Telephone 1182. MONTREAL. Personal supervision given to all business. Rents Collected, Estates administered, and Books audited.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Kindling, \$2.00. Cut Maple, \$2.50. Tanned Blocks, \$1.75. Mill Blocks—Stove length—\$1.50. J. O. MACDONALD, Richmond Square. Tel. 8553.

A NEW FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

CONSECRATION CEREMONIES PERFORMED BY CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

IT WAS THE HANDSOME GIFT OF THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE—AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

A little more than a year ago, says The Catholic Times of London, the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of a new church and friary for the Franciscans (Observants) at Woodford, Essex, was reported.

Moses Dupue, a well known Methodist and farmer of Pahaquary township, Warren county, had an experience a few days ago that caused his hair to turn white and that produced such a change in his looks that his wife hardly knew him.

He is a veteran fisherman, and went out early in the day to follow his accustomed habits. The morning was hazy and exceedingly hot, and as the old gentleman was in the act of hauling in a fine bass he heard a peculiar noise up the river. His eyes were at once riveted on a scene that he will never forget.

He says a huge white cloud arose apparently out of the water. It floated upward several hundred feet and seemed to be ablaze with light. He watched it with intense interest and seemed to be spellbound.

A BEAUTIFUL VISION. He says a very strange feeling came over him, and the very air seemed charged with a heavenly fragrance. Soon the cloud he had been watching parted in the middle, and the most beautiful saintlike figure appeared. It was the form of a woman.

Her face was radiant with brightness, and the most beautiful golden tresses fell in heavy waves over the marblelike shoulders. She was robed in spotless white, the loose garment seeming to fall far below her feet in graceful contour.

The cloud had by this time assumed the shape of a cross, and was floating across the river in a southwesterly direction toward the Jersey shore. Mr. Dupue says he thought he could distinguish music, but he was so overcome that he could not trust his own senses.

He declares that the apparition bore a striking resemblance to the Virgin Mary, whose likeness he often had seen in art galleries. He was so overcome that he fell to the bottom of his boat and lay there in a faint for several minutes.

When he recovered the vision had faded, but the impression was so deep on his mind that it will never be obliterated. He hurried home and his excited condition alarmed his friends. He told the story to his family, and during the day hundreds of friends and neighbors called at his home to learn the particulars of the remarkable vision.

The old gentlemen is not superstitious nor are his friends, but they cannot help regarding the apparition as having a meaning that they cannot as yet fathom. The whole neighborhood is excited over the event.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY FROM BRANCH I, To Mrs. T. Connolly and Family: DEAR FRIENDS,—While deeply affected myself, I am requested to convey to you, in a letter of regret, the most sincere sympathy of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., in your sad bereavement, by the death of your late husband—our brother—Thomas Connolly, who had been associated with us for over 8 years, during which time he was regarded as a good and worthy member.

It is hard to fully realize your great affliction—oh, that vacant chair. Waiting the return of the "father of the home," and then to learn that he had been suddenly struck down by the Angel of Death, bearing the terrible and swift summons to him from God to depart this life, entitles you and family to all sympathy, which we of Branch No. 1, in particular, heartily desire to extend to you.

In doing so, we humbly pray that Almighty God, in His infinite mercy, may have graciously granted him as sudden a pardon and received his soul into His own heavenly kingdom away beyond the grave, there to abide with Him in glory for evermore. And again we pray that the Lord may be pleased to bless you and family with that grace so requisite, under the painful circumstances, to bow in humble submission to His holy will, that you may better bear with Christian fortitude the trying ordeal through which you have been called upon to pass.

May our humble expression of pity afford you all some consolation in your sad trial. It is unanimously resolved that the framed charter of our Branch be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days in respectful memory of our departed comrade, and that this letter be published in THE TRUE WITNESS.

I have the honor to be, friends, Yours respectfully, F. C. LAWLER, Sec. Br. 1.

and friary. Therefore, the Father Provincial, Father Guardian and the Fathers felt grateful to her, and he hoped that all the Catholics of the diocese would feel grateful to her for what she had done.

ANOTHER APPARITION.

A Methodist Saw the Blessed Virgin Surrounded by Beautiful Clouds.

It is very rare indeed that any member of the Methodist fraternity is aroused by apparitions, and particularly one in which the Blessed Virgin Mary appears. The New York Herald, in a recent issue, vouches for the following in a despatch from Belvidere, N. J.:

Moses Dupue, a well known Methodist and farmer of Pahaquary township, Warren county, had an experience a few days ago that caused his hair to turn white and that produced such a change in his looks that his wife hardly knew him.

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Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING PNYN-PECTORAL The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc. Mrs. JOSEPH NORWICK, of 60 Sorauere Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pny-Pectoral has never failed to cure my children of croup after a few doses. It cured myself of long-standing cough after several other remedies had failed. It has also proved an excellent cough cure for my family. I prefer it to any other medicine for cough, croup or hoarseness."

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC An European Cure. GOSNORP, LUXEMBURG, Feb. 1894. It was one year last month since I had the last attack of epilepsy, and I consider myself cured by Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. Before I used this true remedy I had spent all our money for other medicines and physicians, but none did me any good; the Tonic, however, brought me to my senses and cured me of my suffering humanity. E. BADLISCH, Several Prominent Physicians.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now under his direction by the KCENIC MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Foreign Size \$1.75. 4 Bottles for \$9.

For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLLETTE & NELSON 1606 Notre Dame Street, and by B. E. McGILL, 212 Notre Dame Street.

FATHER KNEIPP. An Interesting Sketch of His Busy Life.

The name of Father Kneipp is becoming a quite familiar one in this city. In many of our stores, on our leading thoroughfares, the show windows contain samples of the wearing apparel which have been made under his instructions, and it is said are not alone comfortable, but conducive to health giving. We take the following interesting pen-picture of the life of the now famous priest from the New York Herald:—

The man who has caused hundreds of persons in bare feet to run about the American parks in the early morning is the Rev. Father Sebastian Kneipp, of Wuerrihoofen, Bavaria. It is quite certain that Father Kneipp has made for himself a world-wide fame and has worked some wonderful cures. For these air and water and sunshine get all the credit, as well as all the pay if there is any, for Father Kneipp gets nothing excepting his stipend as a priest in the church. The charitable inclined contribute sufficient to pay the expenses of the famous water cure.

When Sebastian Kneipp started in life at Stefanzdorf, on May 17, 1821, it was with a frail body, and before he had finished school he was told by his physician that he would die of consumption before he was thirty years old. He studied theology and himself, and concluded he could remove his bodily ailments. In 1848 he began self treatment, on lines laid down by him, with the result of restoring himself to perfect health.

Then he began treating the country folk about him, and so great was his success that his reputation began to extend, and many persons came from far and near to take his treatment. For thirty years he continued his successful work, without pay, and then wrote his book, entitled, "My Water Cure," which introduced him to the entire world.

During these years he attended to all patients personally, and gave them baths with his own hands, in the little building that he would die of consumption before he was thirty years old. He studied theology and himself, and concluded he could remove his bodily ailments. In 1848 he began self treatment, on lines laid down by him, with the result of restoring himself to perfect health.

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time. Every afternoon, on every day in the year, these lectures are given, and frequently to audiences numbering three thousand persons. In the summer they are given in the open air. These lectures are so enjoyable and instructive that many travel long distances to hear them. Father Kneipp is witty, and never fails to amuse as well as instruct. He gives the best of advice as to morals and hygiene, and not without good effect and practical results. He is merciless in denouncing all habits of diet and dress that are unhealthful, and gives practical hints and suggestions that his hearers can understand and make practical application of to their own good.

REGIOPOLIS COLLEGE.

Its New Birth to be Solemnized Sept. 8th—Handsome Donations From the Clergy

(Canadian Freeman.)

In all the churches in the Archdiocese of Kingston on Sunday a circular letter of His Grace Archbishop Cleary was read on the revival of Regiopolis College, which is to be opened here on the 8th of September. The circular commenced as follows: You may remember that on the day of my instalment in this Cathedral in April, 1881, the congregation of St. Mary's presented me with an address of welcome, of hope, and of promise, in which the following passage holds a prominent place viz.—"Much as your predecessors have done, yet much remains to be done, as the unfinished state of your Cathedral and the silence that reigns in the halls of our chief Educational Institution, among other things, bears witness. From the administration of a Bishop so happily endowed we confidently anticipate many rich graces and abundant blessing. We realize our obligations; and while tendering the dutiful homage your sacred dignity demands, gladly assure you of our warmest sympathy and cordial cooperation in all your designs."

Of the entire staff of priests in this diocese to-day one-half were born in Ireland, whilst the other half are children of Irish parents resident in Canada. It was only by unceasing applications to the Bishops of Ireland and heads of colleges in Rome that His Grace was enabled to secure sufficient priests for the work of the missions and the multiplication of parishes, which have been increased by sixteen since his arrival here in 1881. His Grace has given \$5,000 for the establishment of a scholarship fund for the new college. For the present it will not be a boarding college, as old Regiopolis was, but arrangements will be made with a sufficient number of respectable Catholic matrons to supply board and lodging to pupils whose parents reside at a distance from Kingston. Pupils who have been successful in the examinations for entrance into the Collegiate Institute shall be admitted for continuance of their studies without any test examination. In case of others it will be necessary to examine what degree of proficiency they have attained in their studies in order to determine the class they are fitted for. There is no limit of age for entrance into the junior classes.

On Tuesday, 8th of September, it is intended to solemnize the new birth of Regiopolis College under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady, the Queen of heaven and earth, whose Nativity the Church commemorates on that day. All the clergy of the diocese will be in attendance. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the Cathedral, after which the clergy will proceed to the new building to bless it in the name of God's Church, and insure Divine protection and prosperity upon it for all time to come. At a meeting of the clergy held in the Palace on Saturday, the 8th inst., the Archbishop presiding, the following subscriptions were handed in for the benefit of Regiopolis College:

- Most Rev. Archbishop..... \$5,000
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, V.G..... 1,000
Very Rev. C. H. Gauthier, V.G..... 1,000
Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, V.G..... 1,000
Very Rev. J. S. O'Connor, V.F..... 300
Very Rev. J. P. Hogan..... 300
Very Rev. G. A. Cicolaro..... 500
Rev. M. J. Masterson, V.F..... 1,000
Rev. M. J. Stanton..... 1,000
Rev. T. Davis..... 1,000
Rev. Thomas Spratt..... 500
Rev. J. H. McDonough..... 500
Rev. C. J. Duffus..... 500
Rev. P. A. Twohey..... 300
Rev. J. P. Hogan..... 300
Rev. G. A. Cicolaro..... 500
Rev. M. J. McDonald..... 200
Rev. J. J. Connolly..... 200
Rev. J. P. Fleming..... 200
Rev. F. J. Hartigan..... 200
Rev. M. J. Spratt..... 200
Rev. W. E. Walsh..... 200
Rev. D. A. Twomey..... 200
Rev. T. McCarthy..... 200
Rev. J. D. O'Gorman..... 200
Rev. T. P. O'Connor..... 200
Rev. J. S. Quinn..... 200
Rev. Thomas Carey..... 200
Rev. Thomas Murlagh..... 200
Rev. C. J. Kileen..... 100
Rev. J. P. Kehoe..... 200

On the motion of the Archbishop it was resolved not to ask or accept subscriptions from ten of the clergymen of the Diocese who are known not to possess money.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS.

Sunday Schools and Societies should make early applications for their summer excursions, as the choice dates for Otterburn Park, Clarke's Island, Valley Falls, Grinnetown, Belleville, Rousses Point, etc., are being rapidly secured.

Moonlight Excursions Through Lake St. Louis.

The above can now be arranged for with societies, clubs, military and other organizations.

The Trip is as follows: Leave Bonaventure Station by special excursion train about 8 p.m., twenty minutes ride to LaSalle Wharf, where the "Duchess of York," a steel steamer, electric lighted, and with a carrying capacity of 700, will be in attendance for a three hour moonlight sail through Lake St. Louis, and return to LaSalle Wharf in time to reach Montreal by special train at 11:30 p.m. These moonlight excursions will only be run on application of societies, clubs, etc., the Excursion Committee being allowed to control the sale of tickets if desired.

For choice dates, rates, etc., early application should be made to the Ticket Office, 143 St. James Street, or to D. O. Pease, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station.

How it looks, to the women who wash with Pearline, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares." Everything's in favor of Pearline—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money? MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

The Live Stock Markets.

LIVERPOOL, August 17.—The tone of the cattle market was firmer, but prices were unchanged, choice States selling at 11c. Canadians at 11c, and Argentines at 10c. In sheep the feeling was stronger, especially for Canadians, and prices advanced 1c to 1 1/2c.

A private cable from London quoted good Canadian cattle at 11c, American at 11c, and sheep at 11c. A private cable from Liverpool quoted choice States cattle at 11c, and Canadians at 10c to 10 1/2c.

A private cable received from Bristol on Saturday reported sales of Canadian cattle at prices which showed a decline of £2 per head as compared with sales of the previous week.

Messrs. John Olde & Son, live stock salesmen of London, Eng., write Wm. Cunningham, live stock agent, of the Board of Trade, as follows:—The market for cattle at Deptford today was firm and rather dearer than on Monday last. For sale were 1616 head, viz., 700 from the States, 862 from Canada, and 554 from the Argentines. Good States cattle realized 5 1/2d to (exceptionally) 6d; Canadian cattle, 5 1/2d to 5 3/4d, and South American, 5d to 5 1/2d. Three hundred and ninety-five cattle were not offered for sale. The demand for sheep was weaker and in consequence of a little heavier supplies the prices were lower. For sale were 4820, of which 500 were from Canada, and 4,260 from South America. For the latter 5 1/2d was paid for clipped sheep, and 5 1/2d for wool sheep, Canadian sheep making 5 1/2d to 5 3/4d.

MONTREAL, August 18.—The cable advices to-day on cattle were of a conflicting character, some reporting the Liverpool market firmer in tone and last week's prices fully maintained, while others were weaker and in some cases noted a decline of 1c to 1 1/2c per lb., quoting choice Canadians as low as 10c.

On the other hand cables from both London and Liverpool on sheep were stronger and note an advance of fully 1c per lb. This, no doubt, will be very encouraging news to shippers, as there are a large number about to arrive at the above two ports and as many more on the way which will strike very good markets providing the advance is maintained. The demand for ocean freight is good and rates are firm at 45s to Liverpool; 42s 6d to Glasgow, and 40s to London. Trade in export cattle on spot to-day was dull owing to the fact that all the suitable stock was picked up on Saturday at prices ranging from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c.

At the East End Abattoir Market the offerings of live stock were 450 cattle, 250 sheep, 250 lambs and 300 calves. Owing to the cooler weather and lighter receipts of cattle, a better feeling prevailed, but prices showed no improvement, on account of the fact that the quality of cattle generally coming to this market is poor. There was a fair attendance of local buyers and, as the demand was good, the indications were at an early hour that a clearance would be made. Trade for export account was slow, as there was no suitable stock on the market fit for shipping. A few good heaves were picked up for local use at 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c, fair stock sold at 2 1/2c to 3c, and common to inferior at 1 1/2c to 2c per lb. live weight. The supply of sheep was small, and although the demand from shippers was good for all choice stock, prices show no change, sales being made at 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. live weight. Choice lambs were scarce and wanted. The demand from butchers for these was good at prices ranging from \$3.25 to \$3.75 each, while fair to good stock sold at \$2.50 to \$3 each. The offerings of calves were considerably better in quality, for which the demand was fair and prices ruled higher at from \$3 to \$7 each as to size.

The run of cattle at the Point St. Charles Cattle Market was light, there being a few loads of butchers' stock for sale, and as the quality of these were common local dealers held off; in consequence no sales were made and holders forwarded them to the above market. A few small lots of choice sheep met with a ready sale on export account at 3 1/2c per lb. The receipts of hogs were very small, there being only one bunch of 60 old red.

FOR A C.M.B.A. Piano OR A C.M.B.A. Sewing Machine GO TO A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, 708 ST. LAWRENCE STREET. Where you can buy at C.M.B.A. Prices and Conditions.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Assets Exceed Investments in Canada: Forty Million Dollars. \$1,783,487.83. MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent. Losses Settled and Paid Without Reference to Home Office.

BICYCLES, SOILED AND SLIGHTLY USED. \$25.00, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00. NEW—\$50.00, \$60.00, \$70.00, \$80.00. Just what others ask \$100.00 for. You can't mistake this is the place to buy.

Family Carriages. \$75.00, \$80.00, \$90.00, \$100.00 to \$250.00. Express Waggon. \$40.00, \$50.00, \$60.00, Very Heavy, \$100.00. Carts. \$16.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00. Open Buggies. \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00. Covered. \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00. Specials. Rubber Tires and Ball Bearings, \$175.00. Beautiful vectors Phonos. \$100, \$110, \$120. All L. other Trimmed.

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